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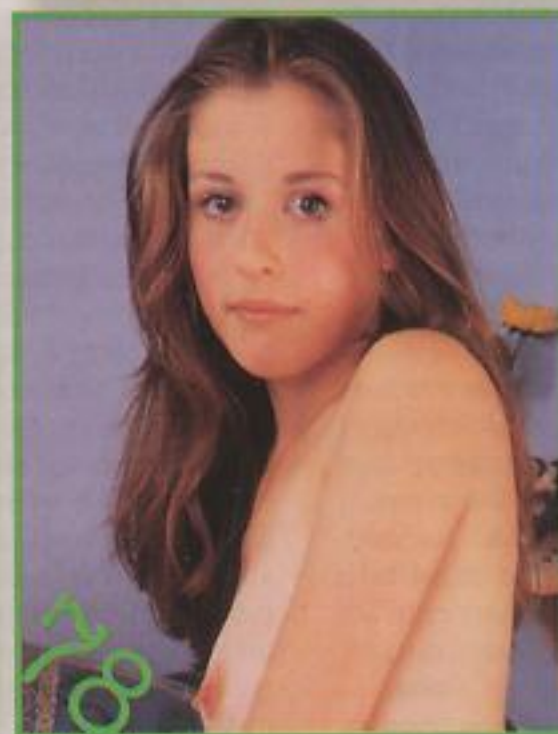


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# dear diary

does anyone want to hear a secret?

**Did you write something in your diary, a nasty, sexy secret, that makes you hot every time you read it? Well, for goodness' sake, send it to us! If we like it, we'll print it here and send you \$50. We also accept stolen pieces from roommates or boyfriends. We're not proud. Send your stuff to: Dear Diary, TIGHT magazine, 462 Broadway, Suite 4000, New York, NY 10013, or email it to**

**slutsrus  
@echonyc.com.**

## Swimming Buddies

I almost don't even dare to write this down! I can't believe that I am still the same girl I was before last night, when it happened. I know I shall never be the same. You see, dear Diary, I was kissed by a girl.

Now, you know I have never had even the slightest interest in members of my own sex; I have been boy-crazy since I could walk. Oh, sure, I've had the usual schoolgirl crushes on my teachers or older classmates at school. But nothing more than that. Until yesterday, that is.

Amelia is my best friend

on the swim team. She has really helped me improve my stroke. I have always admired her perfect swimmer's body, with her high, small breasts and her slim hips and strong thighs. I myself have too "womanly" a body for the sport—my breasts are too large and my curves too dramatic. She might really go on to Olympic achievement. But, even knowing my limits, I love being on the team.

Well, I have to tell you now, before I lose my nerve. This is what happened, and I'll leave nothing out, even though it makes me blush even now as I write this!

Practice was over and all the other girls had gone to shower. We had both stayed in the pool, winding down and relaxing. It was a late practice and the gym was already closed. Ms. Sullivan, our coach, stuck her head in the pool area and called out, "Amelia, will you lock up for me? I've got a date." Amelia called out that she would and then she turned to me.

"Hey! Everyone's gone. I have the keys because I like to swim late at night and Ms. Sullivan doesn't mind. We have the whole place to ourselves. Let's go skinny dipping!" She laughed and dove under the water like a seal. Before I could even respond, she had wriggled out of her Speedo and tossed it up onto the wet cement at the edge of the water. "Come on, chicken," she laughed as she swam by me and tugged playfully at my bathing suit strap.

Infected with her silliness, I slipped out of my own suit and threw it over by hers. The water felt wonderful flowing across my now

naked breasts and between my legs. I swam a few strokes and then just sank to the bottom. She paddled over to me and pulled me up so that our bodies were touching for an instant. I became aware of her hard little nipples brushing my shoulder as she held me to her. Confused, I pulled away and swam from her.

As if challenged, she swam after me and again grabbed hold of me, this time from behind. She pressed her body against my back and wrapped her arms around me. We didn't speak. She wasn't laughing any more. I felt her strong, lithe form pressing against me I could even feel her pubic hair grazing the top of my ass. We were standing now, the water coming to just below our breasts. Slowly, I turned around in her embrace until we were facing one another. It didn't seem real. It was almost as if, maybe, if we didn't speak, it wouldn't be real at all. Just two mermaids dancing in the fluorescent moonlight.

Again she pulled me to her, leaning her head on my shoulder. I felt her fingers tracing little circles on my back and then they trailed down to my ass. I shivered slightly, but did not move. I think I was somewhat stunned that this was happening. And, I have to confess, I was also very turned on. Emboldened, perhaps, by the implied invitation of my stillness, she cupped my asscheeks and pulled me closer to her until our naked bodies were pressing against each other in the cool water. Amelia is a few inches taller than me, and as she bent down to kiss me, it

felt so natural to tilt my head back and part my lips for her touch.

Our kiss was different than anything I have experienced with a guy. She was so gentle, her little tongue tentatively darting between my lips, her skin so soft against mine. My trepidation seemed to evaporate with that embrace. I was on fire for this naked woman before me, and she returned my heat with a passion. With her hands still on my bottom, she lifted me easily in the water and I wrapped my legs around her. Carrying me in her arms, Amelia set me down on the side of the pool and pressed in so that my legs fell apart around her. With a hand on each thigh, she spread my bare pussy before her. I felt very shy to be naked like this with another girl, but my lust made it easier to bear.

She looked at me with eyes hooded with lust and then ducked her head toward my pussy. I closed my eyes and leaned back as she gently probed and kissed my pussy with her tongue and lips. Perhaps because she was a woman herself, she knew just exactly what to do; just exactly where to touch, to press, to pull back. Within a few minutes, or was it a lifetime, I felt a molten fire rising in me. My legs were trembling and my nipples hurt from their engorgement but still on and on she made love to me with her mouth. Finally I could bear it no longer. In one perfect, endless rush, I came and came against her. She held me fast until I was limp in her arms. Then, gently, she eased me back into the water and just held me



there, naked, in her arms until my breathing slowed and my heart no longer thumped in my breast.

Still we didn't speak. But she smiled at me and her blue eyes were twinkling with a mischievous look. Finally she said, "Tomorrow it's my turn, OK?" Laughing she released me and leaped from the water. My turn?

Well, diary, I have to go

because I'd thought I was going to bed, so his finger went *right* into my pussy. I just gasped because it hurt a little, but it felt so good still. He wiggled his finger around a little until I squirmed, and then he said that tonight he was going to teach me how to give head. What?! I was so nervous.

He took off his shoes, socks, jeans, and under-

and started thrusting in and out, faster and faster. And I started to get really, really excited, too. When he said he was going to come I was afraid I'd drown, but it all just went right down my throat and I didn't even taste it!

Andras told me I did a really good job, then he said he had to study and left really quick. I don't think I learned all that much, I mean, he just fucked my mouth. Do you think he loves me Dear Diary?

Love,  
Lisa



to swim practice now. I'm sure I'll have plenty to report when I get back!

Yours,  
Sarah

## First Taste of Cum

I just gave my first blow job! God, I feel like such a slut to write that, I hope no one gets ahold of this and reads it. But I guess it's okay because Andras and I are in love.

He came up to my dorm room last night. I was so embarrassed because I wasn't expecting him and I was only wearing my old ripped-up sweats and I had NO makeup on. But he just shh'd me when I said how I looked like a mess, and he started kissing me, and then he sticks his finger in my mouth! That was so weird but so erotic. Then he sticks his wet finger in this hole he found in my sweats, right over my crotch! I wasn't wearing any panties

wear, but he kept his shirt on. Then he took off my shirt so he could pinch my nipples to make sure I was doing a good job. He guided my head down. His dick was really big and hard. I was afraid I'd never be able to get it even halfway in, but I opened my mouth as wide as I could. I did get most of it in. It tasted sweaty and I couldn't breathe for a second.

Andras pinched my nipples and said I wasn't doing it right. He laid me on my back with my head hanging over the side of the bed, and then he said he was going to fuck my mouth. I got a little scared at that moment, but at the same time a kind of thrill ran through me. I opened my mouth and he told me to take a deep breath, and then he slowly put his dick in my mouth until it was actually partway down my throat! It was amazing and scary. All the blood was rushing to my head, but he didn't care, he just moaned

## Indecent Exposure! Cool!

You're not going to believe what happened to me today. What am I saying, you're just a notebook! But ANYWAY, I was on my way to class and I saw this old guy, older than Dad, out of the corner of my eye. And I don't know why I turned and looked at him, maybe I thought something was weird because he was wearing this heavy winter coat in the summer. But anyway, he smiled and he opened up his pants! And I could see his white underwear underneath, like through his fly. And they were all bulgy in front, I think he had a hard-on already, maybe just from looking at me!

I knew what I should do was just ignore him, keep walking, but I was frozen, I couldn't move. I just kept looking. And then he just kept smiling at me and he pulled down his underwear, and took out his penis. It was HUGE and sort of purple at the tip, and he started rubbing it and staring at me. My mouth just fell open. I saw his balls underneath, they were all hairy but they weren't hanging, they were clenched up tight. I found myself getting excited, but I was just stunned that this guy was just standing there doing that. He WAS sort of hidden in the bushes, but all

I could think of was how incredibly horny he must've been, to get the nerve to come out and do this!! You know??

His hips started rocking back and forth, and his eyes closed, and I realized he was going to have an orgasm, right there in front of me!! That's when my pussy muscles started clenching, all by themselves. It was so weird. I wasn't even thinking about my class that'd already started. I just was watching him make himself have an orgasm. I was really curious to see the sperm come out, onto the bushes!

But then you won't believe what happened. Wait, I said that before. ANYWAY, he started actually walking towards me! Like, out of the bushes! I guess he was so worked up he forgot he was doing something he wasn't supposed to. And as he walked toward me, that's when his penis got extra big and stiff, and it started squirting sperm all over the place! Well, of course I sort of squealed, I couldn't help myself. Well, all hell broke loose. Now the guy was totally out in the open, and I think some other girls actually saw him finish squirting, and then his penis was hanging out, and I started running, and then some faculty started running after him. I'm telling you, it was pandemonium!!!

I was worried for a minute that I was going to get in trouble, you know, for encouraging him, but everyone totally ignored me. Actually, now that I think about it, the whole situation was kind of funny. But also, when I think about it now, I find myself getting all hot and my pussy starts feeling funny. I don't think I'm supposed to feel that way, but I can't help it! I'm going to keep taking that same path to class, in case the guy shows up again. God, I feel like such a pervert!!!

Love,  
Dara



# Dorm Room Dares

## Gina



Dear TIGHT,

"My name is Stan (yeah, a guy), and I attend a pretty prestigious Ivy League university (yeah, we read porn here too). I'm not a photography major, but I try to record all the major events in my life.

"I'm walking around with my camera my first day in the dorm. Our building is kind of old (they call it "historical") and I walked past this room that was missing a doorknob. Just for kicks, I peeked inside. Oh my God, there was this chick in there masturbating! Her eyes were closed. She was spreading her pussy open with one hand and rubbing her clit with the other one. The only sound in the room was her soft breathing. I couldn't decide whether to jack off or take pictures, but I guess you can tell what I chose.





"I couldn't  
decide  
whether to  
jack off  
or take  
pictures."







“I’d never seen a girl who loved masturbating so much.”



**"I wanted to get a better view, so I pushed the door open a little bit."**

didn't expect it to squeak quite so loud. She sat up and looked right at me. We both sort of yelped. Then we both started talking at once, me trying to cover my tracks and her just saying, 'Oh my God, I'm so embarrassed, I don't believe you saw me doing that, please don't tell anyone...' Then we both said 'It's OK' at the same time and we laughed. She threw on a T-shirt and we introduced ourselves.

"Were you taking pictures of me?" she asked, pointing to my camera. 'Yep,' I said. Hey, I was busted. She's like, 'What were you going to do with them?' So I told her I'd had my pictures published in a couple of amateur magazines. 'Sex magazines?' she asked. 'Yeah, sex mags,' I said. 'A lot of chicks think that's cool now!' She got all blushy and giggly and she said she thought that was pretty cool.

"So I said, 'You must be really horny because you didn't get to cum. So you know what you should do, is keep playing with yourself, and I'll shoot you for a magazine.' She admitted that she did still need to cum really bad, and it'd be almost like being famous, wouldn't it? And she did it, man, jerked off right in front of me!

"But this time she knew I was there, so while she was fingering her cunt she would move around and sort of pose, and I just followed her around. God, she was a hot slut. I could smell her pussy from across the room. When she finally came (going, 'I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum') she closed her eyes real tight and her body just spazzed out, with like four fingers in her cunt. Yeow.

"I'd never seen a girl who loved masturbating so much. I was ready to fuck the shit out of her, but all she could talk about was the magazine layout. I think she's some kind of exhibitionist. Anyway, that's the story and here are the pictures to prove it. If I ever get this lucky again, you can bet I'll think of you guys."









“You  
must be  
really  
horny  
because  
you  
didn't get  
to cum.”













# no boys allowed!

## midnight masturbation frenzy

This letter isn't so much to brag about a wild experience I've had, it's more to ask for advice. Maybe someone can help me. I'm actually straight, but I thought this is the column I should write to. I just started living in the dorms as a freshman. I share a room with Sylvie. She's really nice and all—actually, she's pretty quiet, keeps to herself—except she seems to have this rather annoying nighttime hobby. She masturbates *every single night*.

I don't mean to be a prude or anything, I mean, I do that too, occasionally. I understand it's natural. And you might say, well heck, why interfere with her fun? The thing is, Sylvie doesn't just rub herself quietly under the covers. She's really blatant about it. To the point where I have this funny feeling she wants me to know she's doing it. But I'm not sure, because sometimes I'll be asleep and I'll wake up for a glass of water, and she's going at it then.

So let me tell you what she does. Like I said, she's not under the covers like a normal person would do, but she's on top with her legs spread wide open. (I usually just peek out of the corner of my eye, or from under my blanket so she'll think I'm asleep) She's rubbing herself so fast I can hear these little

squishy sounds, it is so freaky. And she makes these little moans, like "Uhhh, uhhh." I mean, she's not yowling, that'd be too obvious (and the neighbors would probably complain), but she is definitely loud enough so if you weren't sleeping too soundly, you'd wake up from the noise. I have to tell you, first time I heard it I thought she was in pain or something. 'Till I looked around, that is. Whoops!

So she's masturbating like that, with her legs spread apart, and the room is actually pretty light because these on-campus security lights are right outside our window, so I can even see her pussy. It usually looks shiny and pink, but when she gets really going it turns almost red and gets all puffy. I really think she must be a sex addict or something. And there's always this funky smell in the room, too. Kind of sweet and musky. It's really hard to sleep when all that's going on.

But this is the weirdest part. All sleep-deprivation aside, the thing that's been freaking me out is the fact that lately, I've been sort of getting turned on, too. Like I want to join her or something. Like I said, I'm straight as an arrow. I don't want to lick her pussy, at least I don't think so, if that's what's making the smell, but somehow I've found myself getting all wet, too. And I hate to confess this, but on a couple of occa-



sions I actually did masturbate at the same time as her. But I hide it really well, so she probably thought I was asleep. I only move my finger the tiniest bit, just around my clit, and that's all. Then, when I come, I just sort of sigh, as if it was in my sleep. I figure Sylvie's probably too caught up in what she's doing to notice.

So what should I do? This stuff is so distracting, I really don't sleep well anymore. Finals are coming up and I really have to get my rest, or I'll flunk so horribly. Any advice would be appreciated.

Sincerely,  
Lori

## growing pains

I have the weirdest story to tell you. It all started when my best girlfriend (well she wasn't *that* kind of girlfriend then) Melissa was trying to

get me to start using tampons. I'm still a virgin and she's not, so I tried telling her that I'd never stuck *anything* in there! This is when she's visiting me up at school, our spring breaks were a little different. So we're in my dorm room on the floor and she's telling me all about how tampons are so wonderful and neat, and pads are just gross. I wasn't used to talking about this kind of stuff, personal stuff, so I just kept blushing and blushing.

Anyways, I just finally said, look, I don't want to *not* be a virgin anymore, and she laughed at me. She said that it doesn't matter *what* you stick in there, if it's not a cock you're still a virgin. I couldn't believe it! I was like, really? But won't it hurt? And she said, not if you're careful and you go slowly. And she said she'd help me. Because I have to admit I was always kind of envious of girls who



used tampons but I always thought I couldn't!

So she said first I had to take off my jeans and my panties. And she said, you have to let me touch you, otherwise it won't work. So I opened up my legs and she took her little pinkie finger and gently put it between my pussy lips. It felt interesting. Then she started to put it inside and I went, ouch! She squealed when she saw how tight I was. She's like, "Geez, you really *are* a virgin." I was like, Melissa, you think I would lie about something like that?"

So she just giggled and told me not to be testy. Now, open wide, this won't hurt a bit, she said. I opened my legs up and she licked her middle finger and got it all gooey with her spit, and then she put it in my pussy and it *did* hurt! I kept going, hey, hey, stop, stop, and trying to get away, but she just laughed and said not to be such a crybaby and she put her finger all the way in. Ow! "Ooh, you're yummy inside," she said. "I bet you never had your finger up here, did you?" And I just shook my head. So she took her finger out and wiped it off with a tissue and said, "Now you try." So I licked my finger like she did and I put it in. It didn't hurt so much this time. Actually it felt kind of good. And it was weird doing it in front of Melissa, but I kind of liked it. She was watching me really close. "See?" she said. "Now that's just about the same size as a tampon. Now you can do it!"

"But I don't know how to put it in," I said. "Will you show me?" Because now I was starting to get all excited and I didn't want the lesson to stop. "Sure," she sighed, "let me get one out of my bag. It's good that we do it now so it won't be as messy." She unwrapped it and asked me if I wanted her to do it so I'd know the right way. I nodded. She put it on the tip of her fin-

ger and stuck it in my hole. Then she pushed it in. It wasn't wet like her finger had been so it hurt going in. I opened my mouth to complain but she *kissed* me, and she stuck her tongue way in my mouth! I was so thrilled because I knew this meant she was hot for me. She kept her mouth on mine while she pushed the tampon all the way up into me. And then she moved back and said, here's the string, you pull this to make it come out. I took it out and I practiced a little more on my own.

But now I was all wet inside because of Melissa kissing me. And my legs were still apart so she could see it. And she said that she thought I still needed to be stretched out a little more. I got so excited. I just looked into her eyes and waited. She was going to make love to me! How cool! But instead she grinned this huge grin and put all four fingers into the opening of my pussy! And then she pushed! I felt like I was being ripped in half through my pussy, but I started getting this strange new feeling deep inside. It felt really good! She kept pushing and I got wetter and wetter, and soon she had all four fingers inside me. Then she started pumping. My eyes were wide. I held on to her really tight. She didn't say anything as she kept pumping her hand in and out. Finally I realized I was going to have an orgasm on her hand. I closed my eyes and came so hard I peed, all over the floor. I was so embarrassed but on the other hand I was too blissed out to care.

Melissa helped clean me up and the rest of the visit went pretty much normal. I wonder if it was just temporary insanity or if she really does care for me? Anyway, I guess I'll find out. Just wanted to tell you guys about my crazy adventure.

Love,  
Molly

p.s. It's not too hard to use tampons now, but I think I still need some more stretching.

## lesbians? nah, we're vegetarians!

I am writing this letter on behalf of me and my best friend Doreen. We'd been reading about lesbian sex in TIGHT and we thought it sounded so cool we decided to try it. (Besides, Doreen doesn't know this but I've always thought she was hot) So we kicked my roommate out one Saturday night, put on some sexy music, and the two of us got undressed.

We'd read in No Boys Allowed about that masturbation group and we thought that would be a cool way to start. We sat with our legs apart, facing each other, and we started rubbing our pussies. I even used some lube we'd bought at the campus drugstore. It was kind of silly at first, we kept giggling every time our eyes met. But we wound up getting into it, and we sort of tangled our toes together and rubbed harder and harder.

Then Doreen moans, 'I want something in me,' so I ran around the apartment looking for something. I found this big cucumber, one of those seedless kinds that come wrapped in plastic. I brought it back as a joke, but then she just spread her legs wider and opened her pussy up. I guess when you're that horny you don't think much. So I put it in, but I could only get like a third of it in, and she motions for me to come over. Then I realized what she meant. I opened my legs up and guided the other end into myself. It wasn't easy and we started laughing again, but soon we got this rhythm going where we were both on our sides and our legs were overlapped, and we could fuck each other and rub our

clits at the same time.

I thought for a minute, what if anyone knocked at the door just then? But I got distracted because Doreen was about to come. She was sort of whimpering and breathing hard and fucking the cucumber really fast. I just lay still because she was actually driving it into me. As her hips pumped up and down she started to make me come too. And you know what? It felt so good we just kept going, even after we came, we couldn't stop. We kept on fucking like that until we were completely exhausted and sweaty.

So how about that, do we get an A for creativity? I can't wait till the next issue of TIGHT comes out so we can get more ideas.

See ya,  
Selena

Hi, this is Joelle again, your Lesbian Issues Editor. This is the section where we print the letters you send us about your girl-girl experiences. I know some of you out there are having some wild times. It's your moral responsibility to share the juicy details with us. If we print your letter, we'll send you \$50! Just leave those penises at home. Write to: NO BOYS ALLOWED TIGHT Magazine 462 Broadway Suite 4000, New York NY 10013, or email us at [slutsrus@echonyc.com](mailto:slutsrus@echonyc.com).



# Barbie's Dream Gang Bang

NO PERSONS UNDER  
THE AGE OF 21 YEARS  
WILL BE SERVED.

RESTROOMS ARE  
FOR CUSTOMERS ONLY  
NO EXCEPTIONS!!

I guess you could say there's a lot of things I've never done: never been to a bar, never had a beer, never had sex beyond second base, but the day I turned eighteen I decided that that was all going to change. I told my parents I was going down to St. Luke's for afternoon mass, but what I really did was took the subway downtown and walked into the shadiest bar I could find.

I was a little worried about how nice the patrons would be to me, but to my surprise the men were really friendly and it wasn't more than a few seconds before a whole group were gathered 'round me and asking if I needed a date. They didn't even seem to care whether I was eighteen or not. Before too long I was sitting on the bar chatting away about myself and what big assholes my parents were and everything.







"Yeah, that's real interesting," said this big bald guy who smelled sort of like gasoline, "but what really I really want to know is whether or not you're a real redhead." I started to tell him how I really was a redhead, like, in my childhood, but that now I was actually bleaching it when he sort of rolled his eyes and grunted. "Christ! Enough already!" With that he grabbed my cut-offs and started yanking them off. In a flash the whole group went at it and I was fighting to keep my shorts on. I was so nervous I let out a scream that could have broke glass.

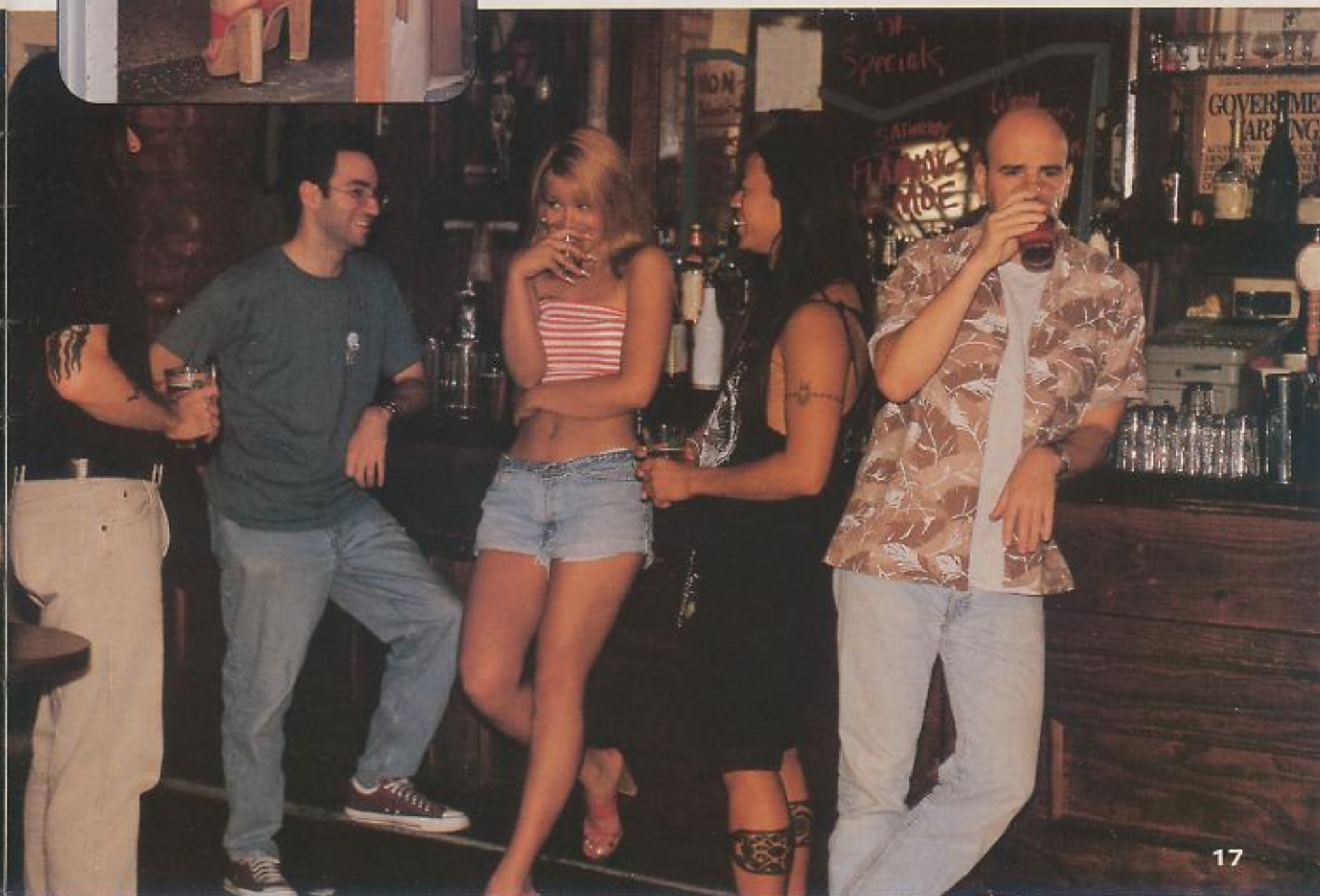
"Hey, hey, pipe down, be nice. We're all friends here, right?" said this mean-looking Asian guy.

"Yeah, we're all on parole, you don't want to get us in any trouble do you?" said another.

"No, I guess not," I said. "But you guys have to be nice too."

They said that was cool, and suggested that we just play a nice game of pool down in the basement. That sounded like fun to me, but when I got halfway down the stairs it suddenly came to me that that wasn't all they wanted to do. My knees started shaking. This was one of those big moments of decision. Either I'd act like a kid and run back up the stairs and out the door, or I'd do what a grown-up woman would do and give them what they wanted. And what I secretly wanted too. I looked back at them over my shoulder and smiled, sheepishly. "Look," I whispered, "I've never really done this before, so try to go easy, okay?"

Without waiting for the guys to answer I went down. My hands were shaking as I unbuttoned my cut-offs. The men stood around me, grim smiles on their faces, letting me take off each piece of clothing as they stood and waited. When I got down to just my polka-dot underwear they started to laugh. I laughed too, I was so nervous. They closed in.





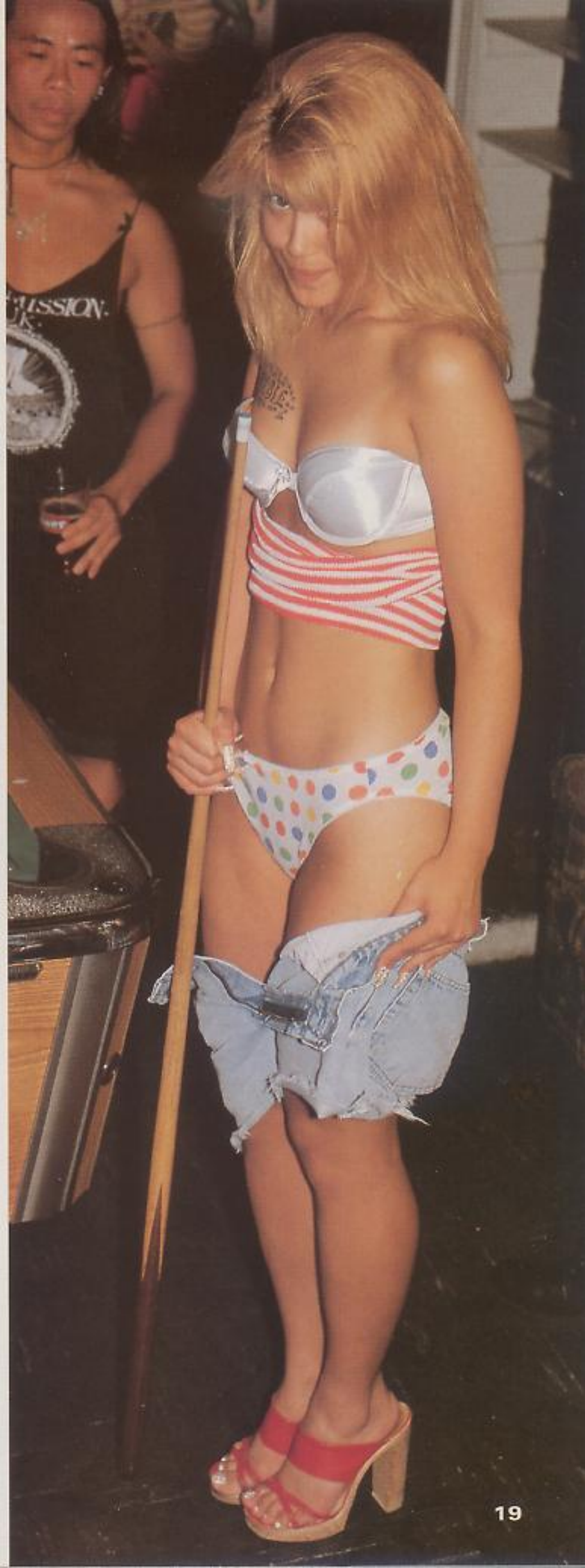






**Their hands were all over me, rough and meaty.**

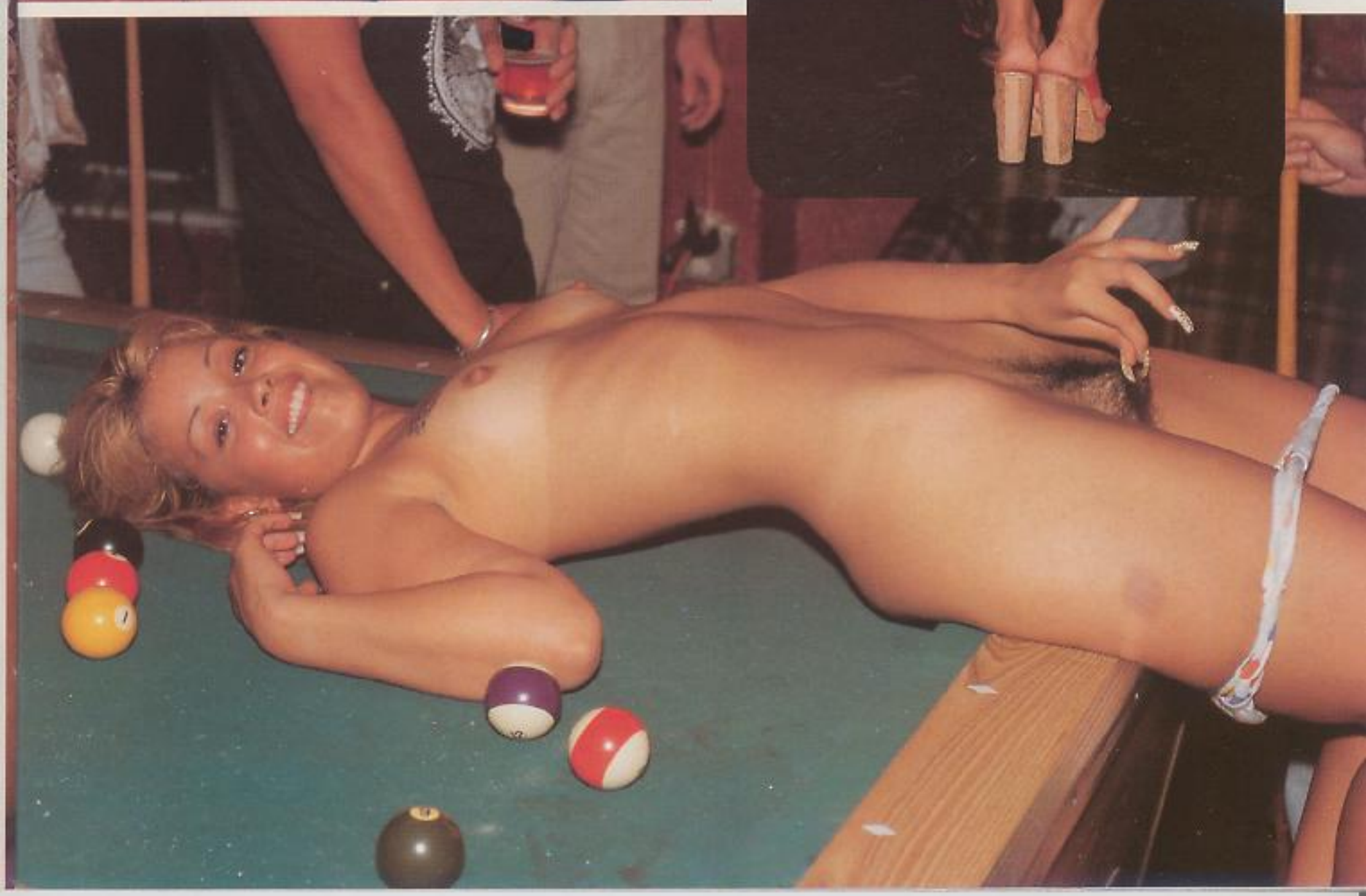
Their breath smelled strong of liquor and cigarettes. They all seemed to want to touch me *down there*. My head was spinning and before I knew it I was on the pool table. A couple of the guys dicks were out almost immediately—fat and jutting straight out, I never knew they could be so big. One came right at me with it, rubbing it over my lips and cheek. "Suck it, already!" he grunted and, overcoming my anxiety, I opened my mouth for him to put it in. My mouth was full of it almost immediately, but he just kept pushing it farther and farther down my throat, his hand planted firmly on the back of my head. I was so distressed that it was some moments before I became aware that another man's head was down between my legs, actually munching on my pussy! His tongue and lips were mashed right up in there. Before long my pussy felt so hot that it must have been glowing! I couldn't even look to see who it was because of the fat dick that had my head pinned on the pool table!















**"Move over, will ya!" yelled one of the guys squeezing at my tits.**

Some kind of scuffle started and I got my head free just in time to see some sneaky bastard in glasses karate-chop Mr. Munchie right on the neck. He jumped up on the table and positioned himself between my legs. Out from his pants came this club-sized cock. The skinniest guy in the bunch but he was definitely fattest down there. Go figure.

He pushed straight in, slowly tearing through my hymen without even pausing. "Oh God, oh God, oh God," I started panting. I wanted to tell him that it was too big but, like in a dream, the words wouldn't come out of my mouth. My head was so filled with the sheer *reality* of it. It filled me and filled me until I thought my head would pop off. My very first fuck and it had to be with Gargantua!

Slow and steady, he sawed in and out, gradually loosening me up. All too soon he pulled out and shot himself onto my belly. Instead of cleaning me off, they rolled me over and it began again. The next guy's style was more frantic, but I was ready for him by then. I rolled my big ass back into him as he pounded me, biting on his hairy tattooed arm. Before long it was a new guy behind me. I was so stupid with ecstasy I couldn't even tell you who it was.

I stumbled home that night sore but proud. I showed every one of those guys that I wasn't a kid anymore but a full-grown woman. Now I feel ready to go out and show the rest of the world.

















# Angel



## Geek No More!

"All through high school I got labeled a geek, and no one ever looked at me, much less asked me out! Yes, I was smart, but that's no excuse to make me feel like a leper. You know?"









**"Of course all that changed when I got here to school.**

I have completely fallen in love with my Latin professor, Dr. Mueller. He's so distinguished and sophisticated. I always had the feeling that he must know a lot about sex, and I kept having fantasies that he would teach me.

"He seemed to like me, but I figured I was just deluding myself—until then I got this anonymous note in my dorm mailbox. It was all in Latin, and it said I was a *femina sine pare*, and he wanted to *valde cupio essentiam tuam mea lingua cognoscere*, which I figured had something to do with his tongue. It had to be him, none of the other Latin students could have written something that fancy. I was right. When I met him in his office he just gave me a knowing look and locked the door. God, the adrenaline rush!

"He spoke to me in Latin, and I have to confess I didn't understand everything. But he showed me what he wanted me to do. He had me sit on his desk and spread my legs open. He grabbed my thighs so roughly he left bruises on them. It was so thrilling! Then he licked my pussy with his tongue! I had never felt anything like that before, but when I tried to say something he said I was only to use Latin. But all I could do was go, 'Hic, haec, hoc!' 'Hic,' he corrected, his mouth still buried between my legs, 'Cunt, or *cunnus*, strangely enough, is masculine.'

"He took out his thing, and he rubbed it against my pussy, which made me feel really excited. But then he bent me over his desk and all of a sudden I felt the tip of his thing sticking into my butt! I was afraid, I didn't think it could go in, so I just made sobbing noises, but that just made him more excited, he pushed and pushed and covered my mouth so I wouldn't scream. I was a little scared, but I was so thrilled he wanted me, I tried very hard to open my butthole for him.







**“When he got all the way in,** he grabbed my hips and dug his nails in and cried out, ‘Mehercule! de meo ligurr’est!’ It started to feel really good. He didn’t pull out much, he just sort of bounced against me, boompf, boompf. I felt his balls bouncing against my pussy. My tits jiggled. It felt really, really good. He uncovered my mouth, grabbed my long hair like a rein, and pulled my head back. I moaned out and then he said, ‘Iam ego, iam venturus!’ which I was trying to figure out, thinking, ‘Venturus...going? arriving? Oh, CUMMING!’ And he gripped me really hard and I swear I could feel his sperm shooting into my butt. It was the most amazing experience of my entire life.

“Now I know I have to really study hard, because it looks like we’re going to do this again, and I have to be able to tell him what I want him to do! Maybe all this was just to get me to boost my grade. Anyway, it’s so nice to finally be popular!”











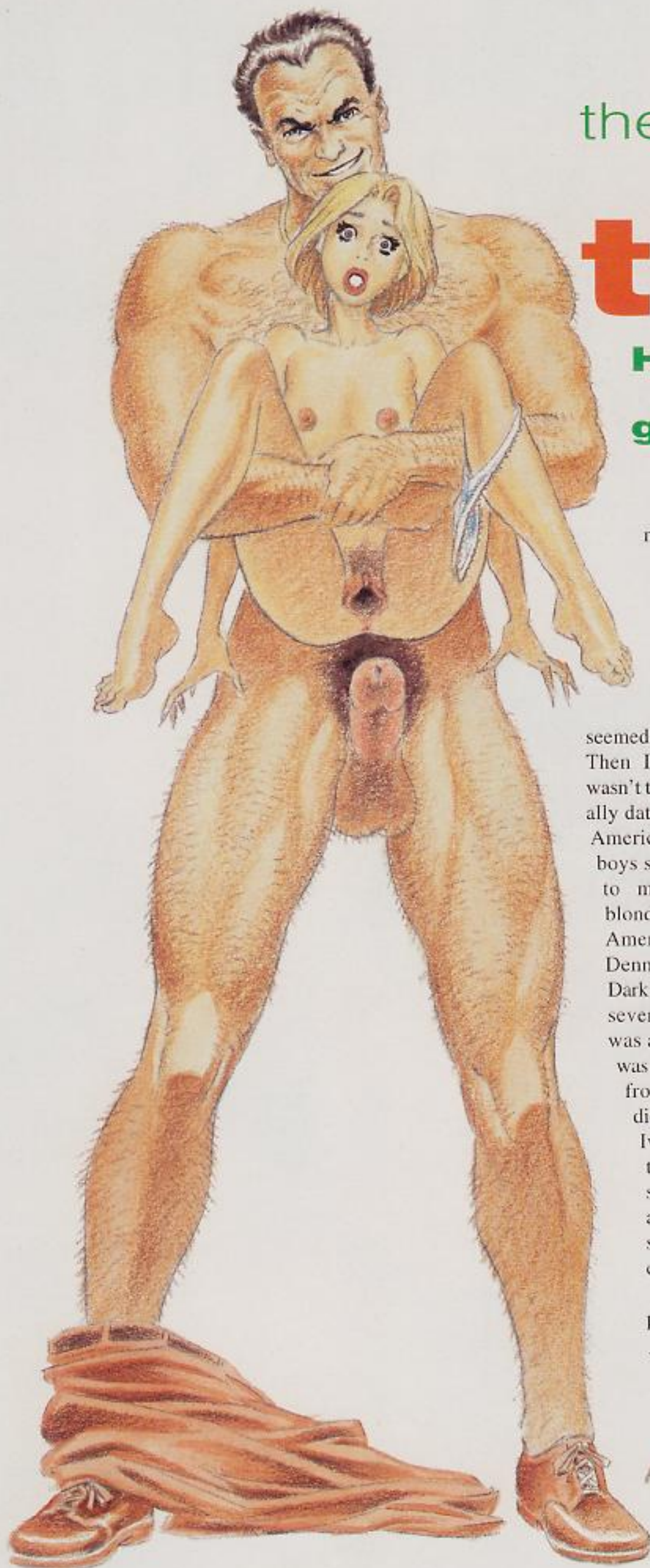












# the **first time**

**How many times  
does seven feet  
go into nineteen?**

by Claire Thompson

It was the beginning of my sophomore year. Though I had dated lots of guys, at 19 years old I was still a virgin. I'd had opportunities but it had just never seemed like the right time. Then I met Dennis. He wasn't the sort of guy I usually dated. In the past, all-American type big blond boys seemed to gravitate to my complimentary blonde, long-legged all-American girl look. But Dennis was different. Dark and swarthy, and, at seven feet and a bit, he was awkwardly tall. He was an Italian-American from Brooklyn. He didn't attend the little Ivy League university where I was studying to become a teacher. He was the supervisor over the cafeteria staff.

I had taken the part-time cafeteria job to provide myself a little pocket mon-

ey. When I reported for duty, along with several other fresh-faced college kids, I was immediately taken with his towering height and his dark, almost brooding eyes. He looked us all over with a barely concealed disdain. He warned us from the outset that he didn't care how rich we were or who our daddies were. He had hired us to work hard and do a good job, and if we failed or slacked off in any way we would be fired on the spot. I knew how to work hard having grown up on a ranch, so I wasn't worried. But something about his discerning stare as he coolly appraised each of us made me flush slightly and look away.

For starters, I got assigned vegetable duty. Another girl, named Jenny, whom I knew slightly from my dorm, and I were given huge metal bowls full of baking potatoes. Our first job was to peel the huge mass for the next day's lunch menu. I felt like the maiden in Rumpelstiltskin, faced with a pile of hay I had to spin to gold by morning. But somehow we made it through the mound of potatoes, though our fingers had blisters by the end of the

ALAZAR  
©97



shift. Dennis came around while we were working and watched us for awhile without speaking. Then he passed on, and I couldn't help but notice his cute, tight little butt encased in his faded jeans. Jenny must have noticed my appreciative look, because she said at that moment, "Forget it. He's off limits."

"What?" I said, slightly embarrassed that I had been so obvious in my appreciation.

"He's off limits. He's staff. He isn't allowed to 'co-mingle' with the co-eds. Forget it. I know. I worked here last semester and don't think I didn't try."

Taking another potato from the bottomless bowl, I peeled thoughtfully for a moment. Jenny was a good-looking girl. She was tall and had thick, dark hair and flashing eyes. She was a junior and seemed to exude the self-confidence of a girl who is used to getting what she wants, especially from guys. If she couldn't get him, there was certainly no way I could. I sighed slightly and tried to put his image from my mind.

When we were done with the potatoes at last, Dennis assigned me floor duty. I had to pour large buckets of hot, soapy water over the stone floors of the old kitchen and then squeegee them down and dry them with a towel wrapped around the squeegee. It took me a few tries to get the knack of using a squeegee; I was used to a cotton mop. He came over and helped me at one point, showing me how to better grip the handle to wash the floor in wide, more efficient strokes. He came close behind me as he did this, and I actually felt his

hard pecs pressing against my shoulder blades. I couldn't quite control an involuntary shiver of desire as I felt his closeness and smelled the faint scent of cologne and sweat on his body. Surely it was my imagination, but it seemed as if he had pressed in closer than he had to. I shook off the notion, trying to focus on the task at hand.

The first day was over at last, and, exhausted but pleased with myself, I headed to the door with the other kids. I was the last to leave, since I had to dump the buckets and hang up my wet apron on the hook. Dennis was finishing up some work at the counter. As I turned to go I called out, "Good night, Dennis. See you tomorrow."

"Good night, Marisa," he called back. And then, "Say, have you got a second here? I could use a hand with these dishes. If you could just grab that cabinet door and hold it for me?" I hurried over, happy to help and secretly rather excited to be here alone with him. When we were done, he stood looking at me again, in that appraising way which had made me flush earlier.

"You did a good job today," he said after a moment. I grinned and looked down, feeling shy around this sexy but unavailable guy. "Too many of these damn kids think they can just come in here and goof off and get paid for it. But we have an important job to do, getting this whole school fed. I appreciate it when the kids are willing to actually earn their paycheck."

"Well, thanks," I said, not sure what to do next. He had stopped speaking, and was looking me up and

down. I became aware of my nipples poking through the thin fabric of my T-shirt. Having smallish breasts, I often didn't bother to wear a bra. He seemed to be aware of them too. His dark pink tongue glided over his lips for just a second, as if he were appraising a tasty morsel. I stifled my own impulse to cover my breasts with my hands.

"Well, if there's nothing else—" I started to say, but he cut me off.

"Say, would you like to

me think. Uh, yeah, sure. I could do that. I'm an early bird, anyway, and I could use the extra money."

"Cool," he said, smiling at me, almost shyly, I thought. I realized as I looked at him up close that he really wasn't very much older than I was. He had the rugged strength of someone who is used to working with their hands and body. I wondered what his life had been like; what it felt like to supervise entitled little college brats, knowing he could

I started feeling  
this brand-new  
need, the need  
to fuck this  
seven foot man.

earn a few extra bucks?"

"Excuse me?" I felt hot suddenly, flushing with a knowledge that he was propositioning me! He was offering to pay for a piece of ass! What did he think I was? I started to answer indignantly when I realized he was walking back toward the counter, completely unaware of my discomfiture.

"Yeah, if you had some extra time in the morning, that is. I'm short for my breakfast crew. I need someone to crack and scramble eggs and help with the cooking. If you want to that is. You could come a half-hour early, say at 6:00 AM, and I could show you the ropes."

Completely embarrassed now at my own presumption, I stammered in my confusion. "Oh! I, um, let

never afford to attend the classes or eat the meals he helped prepare. But he was bustling around now, not interested in further talk, it seemed. So I said good night and went back to my dorm.

The next morning I took extra care, getting up early and putting on a little make-up and perfume. Again I skipped the bra, but decided to stick with a T-shirt and jeans, not wanting to seem like I was trying to pick him up. I had to admit I was taken with the guy. The night before, once I had determined my roommate was asleep, I had touched myself alone there in the dark, seeing his strong, sexy body there in front of me, imagining his lips pressing mine as he finally claimed my

continued on page 68



Re-introducing **Annabelle & Meg** in **TIGHT's** first  
**campus lingerie spectacular!**

photos by Roy Stuart



We at TIGHT  
wanted to give  
you the very  
latest and coolest  
in college undies,  
so we found two  
stunning TIGHT  
models and we  
went shopping!  
Annabelle and  
Meg had never  
met before, but  
they got to know  
each other pretty  
quickly...



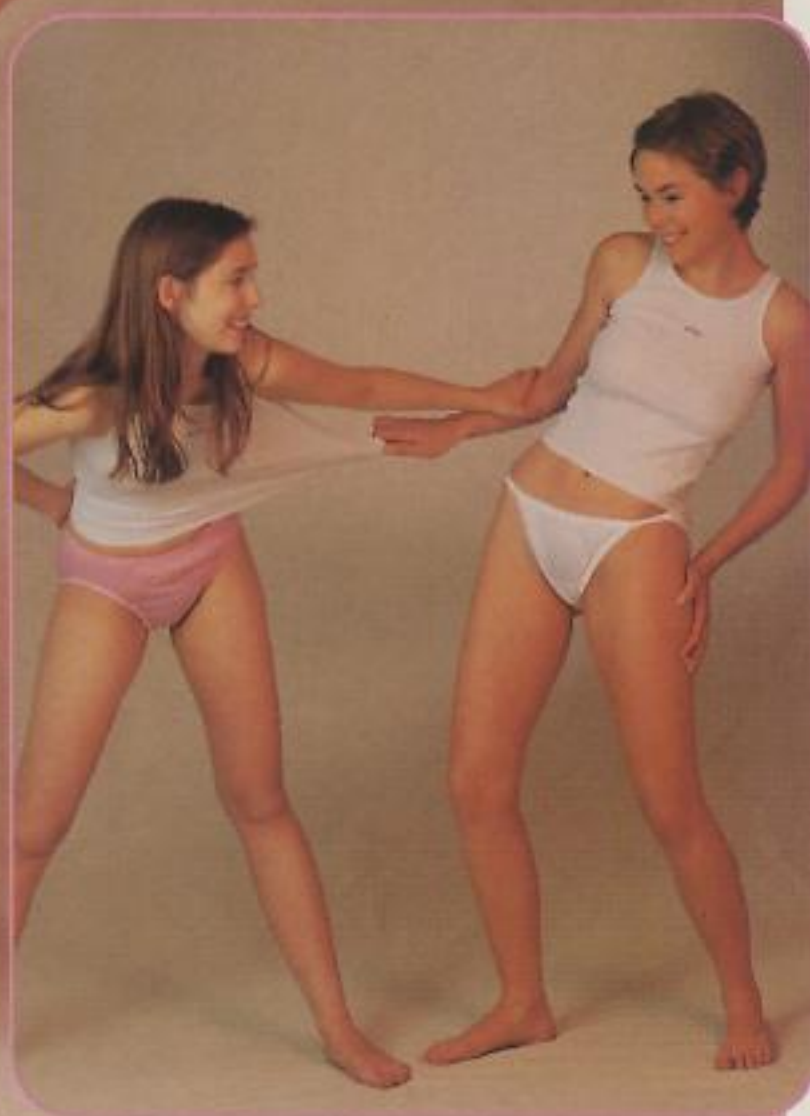
A.

**MEG:** I'm wearing Slumber Party panties in Strawberry Pink with undershirt in Bunny-tail White (\$9.98). I'm so excited to be a fashion model!

**ANNABELLE:** Me too! And I'm in my Sugar 'n' Spice bikini bottoms in Sweet Cream (\$4.99).

**MEG:** Why are you looking at me like that?

**ANNABELLE:** It's your undershirt, your boobies are poking out. Let me fix it. Oh, whoops, hee hee, I guess I made it worse. Sorry. But they're so cute, I couldn't help it!





B.

**MEG:** Oh, Annabelle! We're supposed to be professionals! You're as bad as my silly stepbrother, always giving me titty twisters. Think he'd be more mature at 27. Now I have on a Tomboy Tank, in Schoolgirl Stripes (\$12.98) with two-toned Pom Pom bikini panties (\$3.95). Eek!

**ANNABELLE:** (laughing): I think my Tomboy Tank little-top (\$13.95) makes my boobs look really big! What do you think, Meggie?

**MEG:** I don't know, but looking at them is starting to make me feel all warm and wet between my legs... I don't understand...







C.

**ANNABELLE:** Now I'm in a lovely matching Pretty Pussy ensemble, in Blueberry with adorable white appliqués (\$17.95).

**MEG:** Mine is a Flower Petal patterned Little Miss set (\$13.99). It makes me feel really beautiful. And I can't believe Annabelle said 'pussy'! It can't be called that!

**ANNABELLE:** Oh, get over yourself! Let me see what's under those panties!

**MEG:** Hey, what are you doing? Are you a lesbian or something? Oh my God, I'm in my underwear with a lesbian! Help!

**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Alright, you two, take a time-out.









D.

**ANNABELLE:** Now I've got My First Bra and matching bikini in Pillow Fight White (\$15.95), but we're still on our break.

**MEG:** I have the same thing but my panties have the word "angel" all over them. (sigh) I guess we don't make very good fashion models.

**ANNABELLE:** Actually, I don't even want to go back to work.

**MEG:** No? What do you want to do?

**ANNABELLE:** This!

**MEG:** (gasp) You kissed me! That felt kind of good. Do it again.

**ANNABELLE:** Only if you suck my nipple first. Mmm, that's good. You know, I think you're going to ruin those panties, I can see a stain right over your pussy.

**MEG:** Where?

**ANNABELLE:** Made you look! But I'd better touch it to make sure. Ooh, you feel all slippery and hot under there. Who cares about fashion modeling, I like playing with you a lot better.

**MEG:** But... We're supposed to be working...

**ANNABELLE:** Never mind that, come over here and touch my pussy too. Oh yes, that feels so good. Your fingers are so soft and little.

**MEG:** Hey, I think they're still shooting!

**ANNABELLE:** I don't care, Keep going. I've gotta cum.

**MEG:** Me too... Oh my God, I'm cumming...













# Nadia

## How I Landed a Music Video

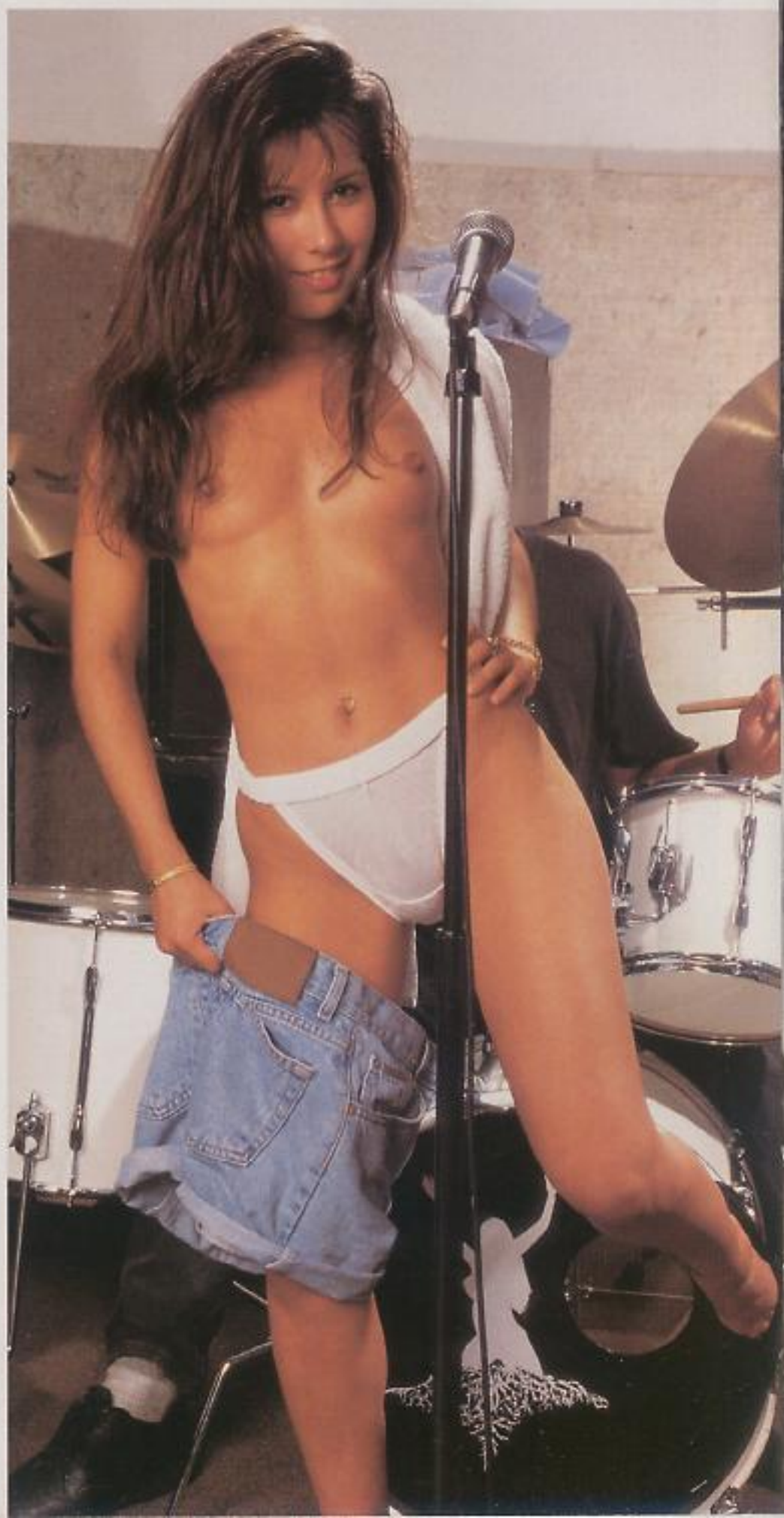


**"Ever since I was a kid it's been my dream to be in a video.**

Well there's this local band that I happen to *love*, and I caught an announcement in the laundromat: they were putting together their first vid, and were looking for a female dancer! Woool!

"I only had a week to practice, but I worked really hard at it. I danced in front of my mirror, trying to look as sexy as possible. My housemates all said I was a shoo-in. But Michele said I should wear her padded bra. 'Little-titted' girls don't get into music videos. I figured she was right.

"When I got there, I waited on line for two hours. Finally I got in. I was so nervous, but I just took a few deep breaths. There were three band members there. They put on some rockin' music and told me to 'do my worst'—with a wink. I danced for a while, but they didn't seem impressed. So I got this idea that I should take a little clothing off. So I started to do a strip tease. That's something else I was practicing in my mirror, but nobody knew about it!











**"Well, that got their attention!"** They loved it! So finally I was dancing in just my underwear. But then the lead singer comes up to me with a smile and says, 'Keep going.' Just the sound of his voice made me melt. But I was afraid to take off my padded bra. Eventually I realized that it was now or never. I took it off, exposing my little tits to their gaze. I couldn't believe it, they started clapping and whooping. Then one of them was whispering to the other, and he went out front for a second and came back. 'You got the job,' he said to me. I was beside myself, I was so happy! 'Don't quit dancing,' he said, 'Let me see some more of you.' They wanted me to dance totally naked! I didn't resist at all, even though I was getting kind of embarrassed. I took off the panties and did my best to dance seductively. And when they asked me to spread my pussy lips open, I did it!

"That was the precise moment this strange guy walked in and sat down. The drummer came up and whispered to me, 'He's the record producer. If you could give him a nice, sweet blow job right now, I bet he'd sign us.' Wow, I was going to get the band a record contract! I came over and cuddled with him. Then he put his hand on top of my head and pushed me down on my knees in front of him, and he opened his pants and his hard dick just popped right out. He stuck it deep down my throat and pumped it slowly in and out. I sucked as best I could. After a little while I felt his hand moving as he signed the contract, and I heard the guys laughing. I sucked harder and harder, and he came straight down my throat!

"They all thanked me when he was gone, and told me about the video they're making. It's going to be really cool. And, by the way, they all liked my 'little titties.' I'm so excited, I'm going to be famous! Wow. Well, what does Michele know, anyway?"























**TIGHT** *JANUARY 1998*

**Nadia**



Sammy

My  
Wildest  
Ride





"It was 75 degrees and sunny. Nothing to do, nowhere to go. An absolutely perfect day to rollerblade.

"Then the convertible pulled up. It was *the* coolest car I'd ever seen. Then I noticed the two guys inside: blond, California party types. 'Want a ride?' they asked me. 'Uh-uh, my mommy told me not to take rides from strangers,' I said, but I didn't want them to drive away either. 'We won't be strangers if we introduce ourselves,' one said. Steve and Nick teased me about having a guy's name but they said I was really cute. 'Come on, we have Melissa Etheridge on the CD player,' Okay, it was a more grown-up version of the old lollipop trick, but I couldn't resist.

"We drove around town with the music blasting. It was so thrilling for me to be in a racy car with two cool-looking guys. Steve started taking pictures. I tried not to grin too much. I didn't want to look goofy.

"That's when Nick told me his old girlfriend Terri used to

flash people from this car. I didn't believe him, but he swore it was true and said she had a total blast doing it. Did I want to try? At first I just laughed but then I thought it might be kind of fun to maybe just take off my panties, so I did. It was so weird, sitting there bare-bottomed while people walked around on the sidewalk! Steve took some shots of my pussy. He said it was the prettiest little pussy he'd ever seen. Isn't that sweet?

"Nick started driving around into some more deserted areas and I started getting braver. Of course the guys were psyching me on. I pulled up my shirt and flashed my tits to an old guy who looked like my grandpa. He just about froze in his tracks and then he gave me a big grin. That made me feel so good! Then we turned down another street and there were a bunch of girls my own age. I lifted up my skirt and mooned them. They screamed 'slut!' at me, so I yelled back, 'Eat me!' It was so hilarious, we were all cracking up.







**“Then I just left my shirt off.** I started flashing my pussy to people. One guy tried to catch up to the car on his bike, but we just peeled away and left him in the dust. Ha! Then we pulled over and the guys switched places so now Steve was driving and Nick could play with me. Which was fine with me because I thought Nick was really hot. It was my job to watch out for the cops. Nick just reached over and grabbed my pussy like it was a piece of fruit or something! Then he started fingering me and I got extremely wet. I had to hide my tits and try not to moan whenever we stopped at a red light. I actually came while we were driving past my local supermarket, can you believe that?

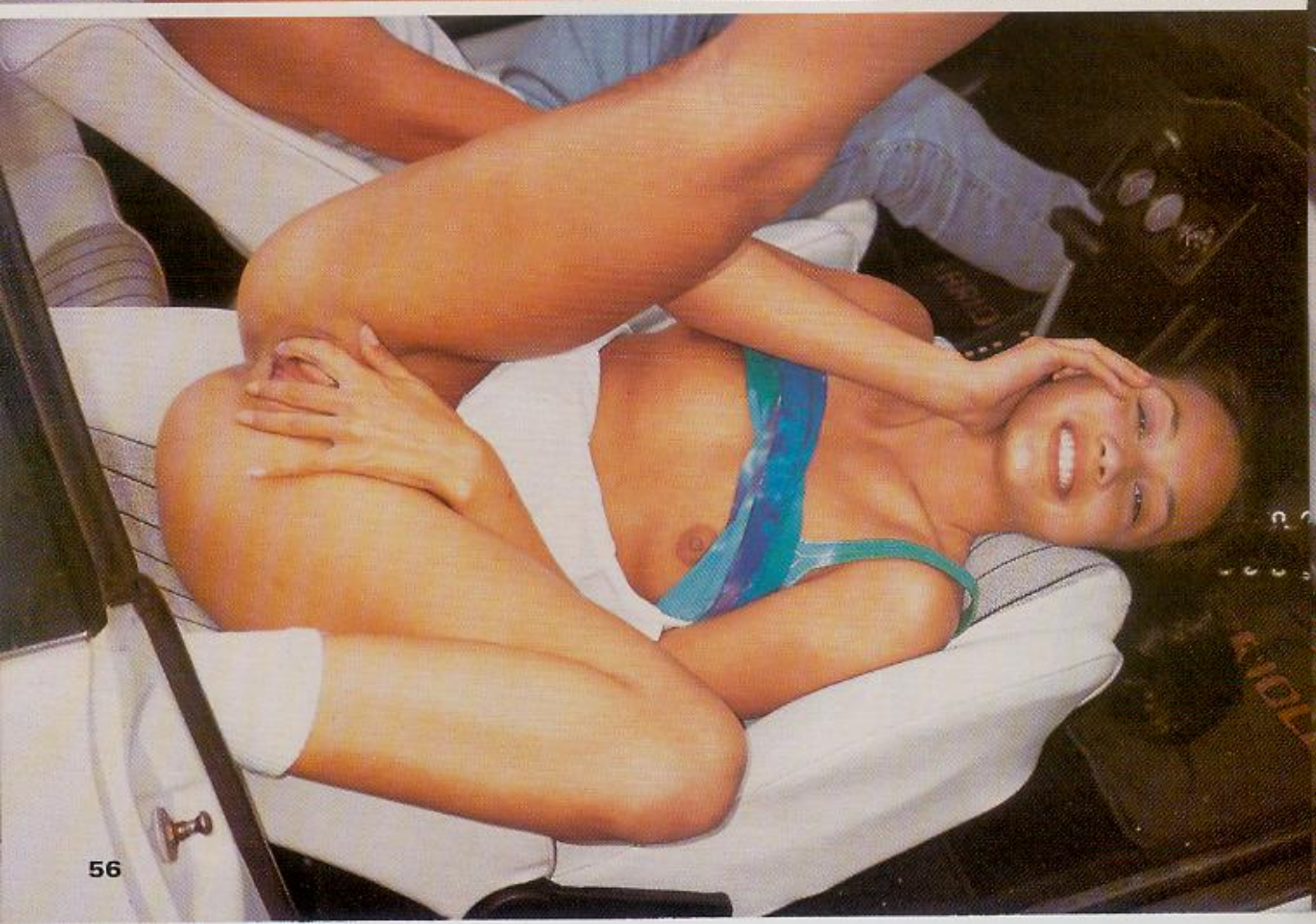
“I can’t even tell you how much fun we had! And actually I’m amazed we didn’t get arrested. When they dropped me off my legs were so weak I could barely skate, so I decided to call it a day.”

































# forever 19

## the tragedy of shauna grant

how stupid mean morality killed a 19-year-old porn beauty

BY BUFFY



A few months ago I was talking with my friend Heather about what we'd been doing since high school got out and how we were making money for college. I'm on a scholarship because my father's been working in a bursar's office in San Diego so he can put me and my sister through school, but I know I'm still gonna need some

spending money for the fall, so I've been doing some modeling, and a lot of it's nude.

Heather was pretty shocked when she saw my portfolio. "You don't seem like the type," she told me, looking at the pictures like they weren't even me.

"So what does *that* mean?" I asked.

"I just didn't know you

were such a slut," she said, laughing kinda. Then she got all prissy and serious, like she was my mother or something. "How can you do stuff like this? You're gonna wind up like that girl who killed herself. I saw a TV show about her a couple of years ago. She was fucked up."

"Why was she fucked up? Because she was taking naked pictures?" I couldn't believe it.

"She was fucked up because she was a total slut who wound up fucking a whole bunch of guys in pornos and doing tons of blow and blowing her brains out. I'm sorry, but

that's fucked up."

"I'm not a slut just because I take naked pictures," I said. "Sometimes when you model, the photographer asks you to pose nude. There's nothing wrong with it," I said. Then I took my portfolio and put it away. "Let's just talk about something else." So we did. But I couldn't help thinking about the girl Heather was talking about. I didn't know who she was, but I found out it was this girl named Shauna Grant, who was a porn star a bunch of years ago in the '80s.

I didn't think there'd be a section on dead porno







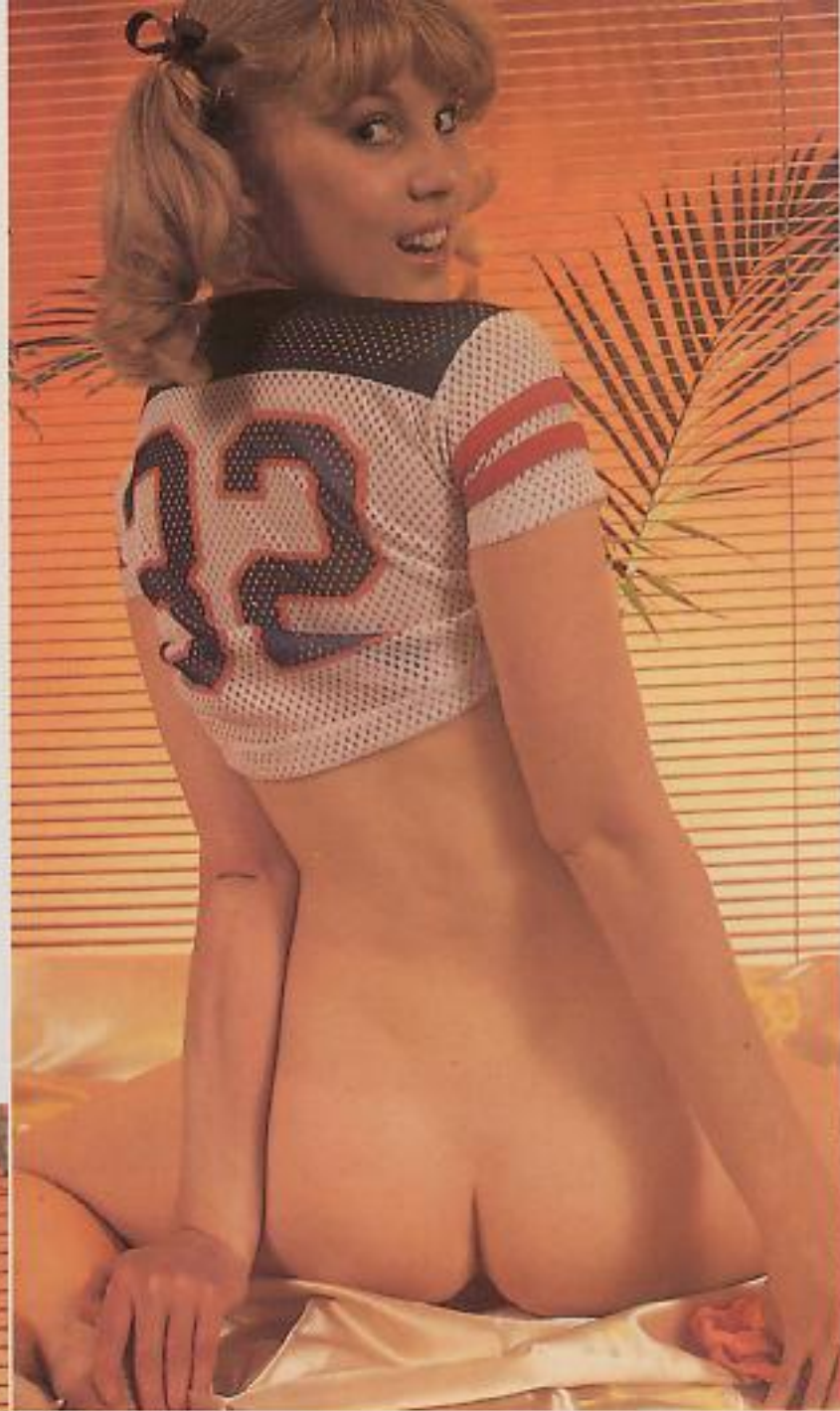
girls in the library, so I asked my other friend Gina's brother about her. He's older than me and married and still watches pornos, so I figured he'd know. He told me that her real name was Colleen Applegate and she grew up in the Midwest, in a town called Farmington, Minnesota. It was just a small town, like John Cougar Mellencamp sings about in that song I like, and Colleen was real pretty. Not pretty like a porn star pretty, but pretty like someone who comes from the Midwest is pretty, wholesome and blonde with a nice smile and big eyes.

Her life was okay, I guess, until she got out of high school. That's a weird time in someone's life, because unless you are really focused on what you're gonna do, you don't know what's gonna happen. You could say that you'll get a job at the donut shop just for the summer and wind up not leaving for years. If you ask me, *that's* fucked up. So her and her boyfriend left Minnesota and flew out to Los Angeles, probably figuring that would be more exciting than just doing the same thing in the same town all her life. Which is weird, because that's part of the reason I want to go to college.

But after they got to LA, they had a real hard time. They couldn't get any jobs because they couldn't

really do anything, and they hadn't really made any plans for if things didn't work out. A couple of months went by and then Colleen saw an ad in a newspaper looking for nude models. She decided that she would see what that was all about, so she went to a place called World Modeling and met this guy named Jim South. He gets jobs for everyone that does porno movies and poses for all those magazines. He's like an agent.

So she gets an agent in Los Angeles and everything seems cool and she



does a lot of work posing for all those porn magazines like *Hustler* and *Penthouse*. And she got really successful at it because she was so beautiful. She worked for a couple of months or something and made some pretty good money. Which was okay until her boyfriend got

pissed off at her and wanted her to stop doing it. That might have made sense, because she had made some money, but she wouldn't quit, and they broke up.

Of course, her boyfriend went back home to Minnesota and everyone in town had seen the maga-

zines she was in and started talking shit about her. Everybody hated her. They started calling her a slut, just like Heather said to me. That hurt. And it's so hypocritical, because I know for a fact that Heather looks at *Playgirl*, and she calls me a slut for posing nude. It's like those



people in Indiana, I suppose they were all reading *Hustler* and *Penthouse* for the first time right? And Colleen just *happens* to be in the ones they see? Give me a break.

And her family was totally embarrassed about her being in dirty magazines. She didn't really get along with her father that much to begin with, which is kind of sad, but her mother just about disowns her and they stopped talking. And everyone's laughing about her behind her back and giving her boyfriend a hard time about her posing in those magazines. He was telling them that that was why he broke up with her, because she wouldn't stop posing, but they didn't care. They just kept talking shit about her, like it was a big joke or something.

A little while later Colleen met a guy who directs pornos, named Bobby Hollander, who could tell that she was really beautiful and said he could make her famous doing pornos. Bobby Hollander is the one who gave her the name Shauna Grant, which sounds like a porno queen's name. Shauna got super-popular making X-rated movies. She made about 30 or 35 porn movies and went to a bunch of porn star parties and got introduced a bunch of people, including this one guy named Jake Ehrlich.

He saw her in one of the magazines she was in and just had to meet her, like guys always think when they look at the girls in porno magazines. Jake also happened to be

friends with Bobby, and he asked Bobby if he could invite her to a party he was throwing, like Bobby owned her or something. The bad thing was that the reason that Jake was friends with Bobby was because Jake was a coke dealer, which is stupid. Shauna went over to Jake's place and fell for him right away. I guess Shauna liked Jake as much as she liked to party, because she wound up going out with him and partying with him a lot, too.

They partied a lot together and did a lot of drugs. Jake fell totally head over heels in love with Shauna, and she fell in love with him, too, from what I hear. She even quit doing pornos, even though she didn't do that for her boyfriend in high school when they came out to California. But one thing Shauna didn't stop doing was coke. She loved doing coke. It probably made her feel real confident, like she could do anything. But she stopped making porno movies and moved in with Jake.

Jake and Shauna were real happy for a while. I guess it's not that hard to stop doing porno movies as long as you have something else to do. The trouble is that it sounds like the only thing Shauna liked to do was cocaine. She had been doing cocaine for a while before she met Jake, back when she was still in movies. She didn't have a reason to stop doing cocaine, because Jake certainly didn't stop selling it, so they did it together.

Jake did help her out some when they were liv-







ing together and she was out of the porno business. He gave her a job in a clothing store that he owned, which must have been cool, going out with someone who owns a clothing store. He made her the manager. She went back to being Colleen again and even started to call her mother again after being away for so long and being kind of a black sheep. They started getting close again and everything was going pretty good.

But she couldn't handle it or something and she

started spending lots and lots of money on coke. Jake should have known what was going on, but he was probably just as drugged out as she was, and you don't always notice things very well when you're all drugged out. I don't think she was very happy to begin with, really, and being hooked on coke doesn't help. After a while it all got to be too much. Jake and Colleen really were in love, but they were on drugs, too, and that's not a good combination. Especially when your

boyfriend's a dealer.

It was pretty much over for the two of them when Jake got busted. He tried to break up with her while she took care of the store and tried to get herself back together, but it didn't work. She spent all the money on cocaine and on Quaaludes, even when Jake gave her money to pay the bills with. She just spent it on drugs. Jake couldn't handle it anymore and supposedly he was gonna kick Colleen out of his house. I think she was about to start making porno movies again, because she probably needed the money for her coke habit.

She never got around to making any more pornos, though. One night she was real, real depressed and she went into the bedroom of their house, which hadn't been taken care of or anything. She was all alone and she was about to start making X-rated movies again and she got real depressed.

Colleen went to the closet and pulled out a rifle, like all coke dealers have because they get real paranoid. Then she lay down in bed and put the gun up to her temple and shot herself in the head.

Shauna Grant's story is real sad, I guess, and it is kinda fucked up, like Heather said. It's fucked up because being in dirty magazines and making pornos didn't really have anything to do with Shau-

na Grant killing herself. It was all those people back home who made Shauna feel bad about herself, like she was doing something bad. But she wasn't doing something bad, except for the cocaine. There's nothing wrong with posing nude for a camera or even having sex in a movie, if that's what you want to do. I do it, and I haven't killed myself.

Because I feel good when I do nude modeling, especially when I see the pictures of myself. I look real pretty and I feel kinda sexy knowing that I look real pretty. It's like dressing up real nice when you go out, when you look good and all the boys want to talk to you. But those people who talk about you behind your back and make you feel dirty, they're the reason that Shauna Grant killed herself. She wasn't hurting anyone by posing nude, even though she was hurting *herself* when she was doing cocaine. I bet she wanted to hurt herself that way because people made her think she was bad and needed to be punished.

But it's mostly fucked up about Shauna Grant because it doesn't have to be like that. It really doesn't. It's cool that it's actually kinda okay to make pornos nowadays. I saw some porno chick on Howard Stern a couple of times, and she seemed to be okay. I'm really pro-choice, and if a woman chooses to make pornos, that's her choice. As long as she's careful and she stays away from drugs. I don't take drugs. But I do take nude pictures sometimes. ♥







innocence.

At 5:45 AM I came into the cafeteria kitchen and Dennis was already there, again in his faded jeans and a black T-shirt. The shirt clung to his strong arms and shoulders like an embrace and I had to bite my own lips to keep from sighing aloud in appreciation. He swung around and called hello.

"You're early," he said. "That's good; we'll have a

"Are you trying to tell me to stop?" he teased, as his hand grabbed my crotch through my shorts. He started rubbing with his palm. "You don't really want me to stop, do you?" I relaxed into him, closing my eyes. "No, of course you don't. I know you want my cock, you precious little thing. You've been teasing me ever since you started working here; did you think I wouldn't notice?"

I was silent; stunned that this rough, handsome man

tongue into my mouth. His cock was so hard in his jeans it almost bruised my belly as he drew me into his tight embrace. And I started feeling this brand-new need, the need to fuck this seven foot man.

Before I realized what had happened, he had lifted me and was carrying me into a little side room off the storage area that I hadn't noticed before. There in the corner was a pallet of blankets and pillows. Still holding me in his arms, he sank

His cock was pressing against his underwear and I couldn't take my eyes off of it. As I watched, a drop of lubrication seeped onto the fabric and the penis seemed to strain against the cloth as if it would burst.

"Take it out," he said. I reached up, curled my fingers around the elastic waistband, and lowered it. Dennis' cock sprang free and bobbed there. He leaned over me then, until his cock was level with my mouth. It seemed so right and natural to open my mouth and extend my tongue for him. He slid it in until it hit the back of my throat and I was afraid I was going to gag. But he stroked my hair and I calmed down and tried to do my best. With long, even strokes, my tongue caressed and kissed his smooth, rock-hard shaft. My jaw was pushed as far open as it could go.

Engrossed in adoring his cock, I was startled by the feeling of his fingers at my naked pussy. They slid right in and then out again and up to my sweet spot. "God, you're wet," he breathed and I became suddenly very self-conscious. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and lay over me. I tried to close my legs but he forced them open with his thigh. He grabbed his cock in one hand and put it just a little bit inside my pussy.

"Your sweet little cunt is begging for it," he said. "I'm gonna give you what you need."

"Please, I'm a, I mean, I never, I'm not—" I couldn't bring myself to say I was a virgin; what would he think? But I was afraid and he had to know.

He just grinned. "I know.

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Every time he thrust I cried out a little in ecstasy. He seemed to like the whimpers I was making; they made him push harder.

little extra time. Come on back and help me bring out the eggs." I followed him to the storage room. Stacked in a corner were several cardboard crates of eggs that must have just been delivered. I went over and started to lift some of the cartons. Suddenly I felt his body pressing into me from behind. His cock was hard! He reached around and drew his hand lightly over my nipples.

"You know I didn't ask you here to work the breakfast shift," he whispered, and I shivered. I knew I should pull away and act the outraged school girl. But I caught my breath and stood still. I felt his mouth close on the bare skin of my shoulder and his teeth sunk in until it hurt.

I gasped, "Dennis, I—"

found me alluring! I found that I couldn't resist him as he spun me gently around toward him. I surrendered to his lips and tongue as he kissed me, gently at first, and then harder. He pulled my shirt up and cupped my breasts. His mouth dropped to my already hard, eager nipples. I moaned as he kissed and bit them, almost too hard. I could feel the roughness of his callused hands as he moved his fingers and palms across my already hot flesh. It gave me goose bumps!

Had I stopped for a moment to think about what was happening I might have screamed. I might have run away. But I wasn't thinking at all. I was only feeling. His mouth was so hot, he was drooling on me as he kissed me wetly and pushed his

into the pile and continued to kiss me. Then his hands were on my jeans; his fingers fumbling with my zipper. I came out of my sensual reverie for a moment and started to protest. He silenced me with his hand on my mouth, which scared me, but when he opened the jeans and slid them down past my thighs, I felt my pussy start to swell and throb. Then, before I had the chance to think about it, he grabbed a knife from a nearby table and sliced my silky panties right off my body.

He released me for a moment and knelt over me. I lay there before this man, my shirt scrunched up above my breasts and my pants lewdly pushed down around my knees. With his eyes still on me, he pulled off his own shirt and unzipped his pants.



# A TRUE ORIGINAL



## NiCole



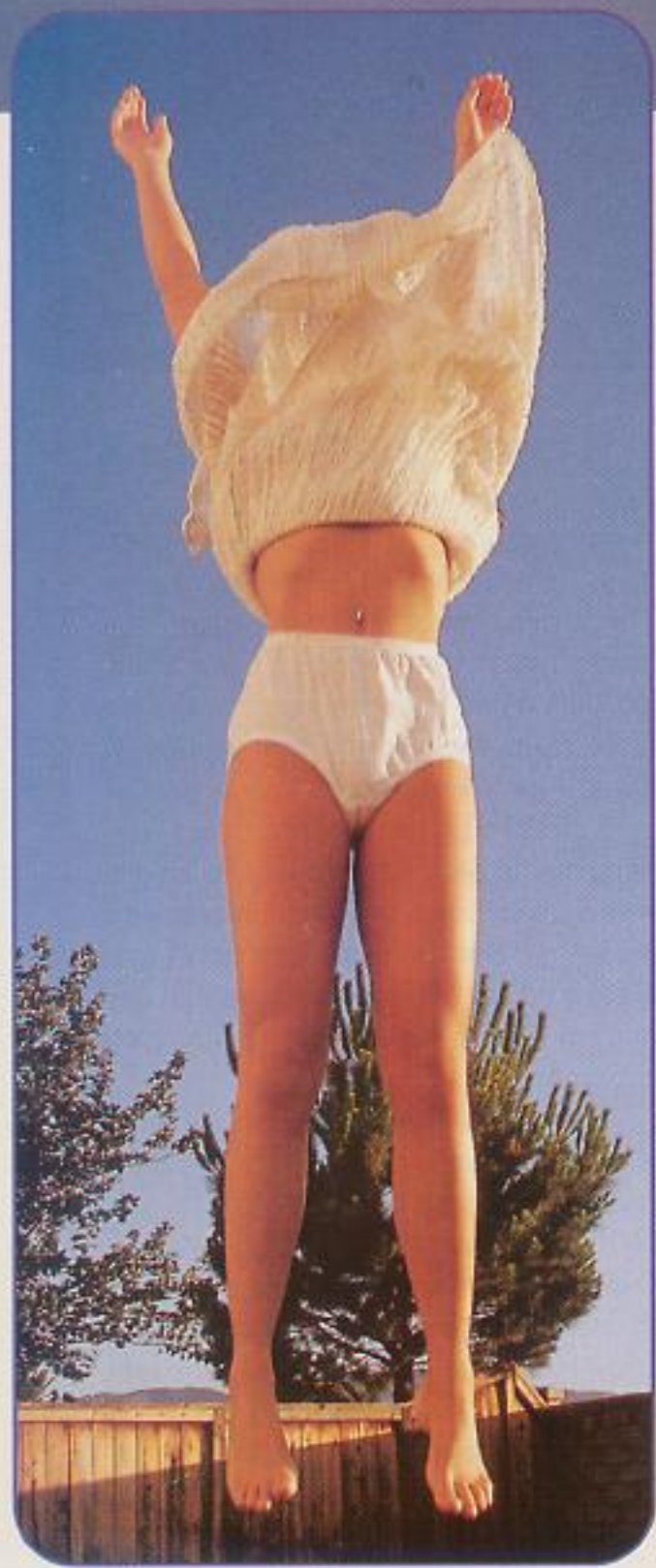
### "I really don't like labels!"

Around my school, people try to put you in one category or another. The feminists think I'm a slut 'cause I shave my pussy. The sorority girls think I'm a lesbian 'cause I don't wear makeup. For a while I felt like no one knew the real me. But then I met Ward, the guy who took my picture. It's so nice to know that he understands!

"I met him on campus one day. I was hanging out between classes. He said he was a talent scout and was I interested in modeling? Sure, why the fuck not? I totally blew off my other two classes that day and we went to his place. I was completely psyched.

"He had a really nice house. He let me wander around and I goofed on his trampoline, which was extremely fun. He said he thought I was a true 'original.' Wow. Okay, I have to confess, I was a little thrown when he said he wanted me to show him my panties. But then I thought, hey, he didn't judge *me*—so it's okay with me if he wants to be a pervert. Right?









**“And I have to say, it was an amazing experience.**

The weird part is, at first I'd just thought he was kind of a handsome older man, but then after I started getting naked, I started to get excited and to think more things about him. You know what I mean? I got kind of confused but I told myself, hey, Nikki, you're just categorizing again, just go with it. So I opened my legs so my pussy would spread open and I got this vision of his dick sliding into me. In my thoughts, it was very long and slim and it went in with no trouble because I was so wet. Then I felt inside and I was so wet! Oh, man.


“At first I wasn't sure he could tell. But then he said, ‘Nicole, it seems to me you're a little bit excited. Is that true?’ I nodded and went, ‘Uh-huh.’ So he said, ‘Well, it's okay for you to be excited, it's natural. I'm excited too; do you want to see?’ Sure, I did, I was totally curious. So he pulled out his dick and it didn't look like I'd imagined, it was actually really thick. And he started rubbing it. And then I wanted him to put it in me, but at the same time I was *scared* he would put it in me! Do you know what I mean?












**"I was nervous, but oh, it felt amazing."** I just calmed my mind and he seemed to know exactly what I felt because he didn't say a word, he just came up to me and edged it in *real* slowly so it would fit. Then he started sliding it in and out and I was so wet and excited, I realized I was going to come. And I did, I came around his big thick penis! That made him sort of buck back and forth and he was going to come too, only then he pulled out and sprayed all over my bare pussy. That felt cool! I knew I kept it shaved for a reason.

"We're going to hang out again, Ward and I. He said he's going to make me a famous porn model. I wonder what the feminists at school will think of that? Oh well, their problem, not mine."























# Twice My Age, Twice As Cool

**"They say women mature faster than men, so why does everyone expect me to date a beer guzzling frat boy loser?"**

I have always loved older men. Frank is 45, and he was a featured speaker at a political action seminar on campus. I caught up with him to chat afterwards, and he asked if I'd like to go back to his house for coffee. I just nodded and smiled placidly, but inside I was like, 'YES!'

"He had a really nice place. As he made the coffee, I started thinking what it would be like to live there with him. I wouldn't have to work, Frank would take care of me. And then, out of nowhere, I started thinking about having sex with him. I imagined all these raunchy things he'd do to me. Maybe he'd stick his finger in my butt hole. Maybe he'd suck on my clit while he finger-fucked my butt hole. Maybe he'd have a huge cock and it'd stretch me open. I bet he'd fuck really hard, too. I imagined him fucking me really hard.









**"By the time he got back with the coffee I was really, really wet.** But also kind of embarrassed. Could he smell my pussy? What would he think of me?

"Frank sat down. 'What are you thinking about?' he asked me, smiling. He knew! He could tell! 'I keep thinking about having sex with you,' I said. 'Why, you little minx!' Frank said. He sounded happy and sort of surprised. 'I think I can oblige you there.' My eyes flew open. Now? I hadn't expected things to happen so quickly!

"Get undressed," he said, and I did. 'Oh, you're stunning. May I photograph you?' he asked. I was so thrilled all I could do was nod. So much for maturity. Now, as he positioned my legs apart, I was sure he could smell my pussy. When he was done taking pictures, he said, 'Come on over here, Uncle Frank wants to fuck you now.' Uncle? But somehow that made me so excited. I lay down on my stomach and he said, 'Up on your knees, spread your pussy open.' I did, and he smeared this goop inside me. 'What's that?' I asked. 'Vegetable shortening,' he said. 'You're so small I need a little extra help getting in.'









**"Vegetable  
shortening?"**

I barely had time to think about it before he shoved his penis into me. My pussy strained to open for him. It hurt a little, but he was pushing against my clit from the inside somehow and that made it better. I closed my eyes. He fucked me real hard for a really long time, and he even put a fingertip inside my butthole, just like I imagined. He even licked it, and went, 'mmm.' Eew!

"Then suddenly he pulled out and told me to turn around. He grabbed my head and held his cock in front of my face, rubbing it hard, and then his come squirted out all over my face! Some of it even got in my mouth. It tasted bitter, but I didn't care, I was so worked up. I even wanted more.

"Frank and I are officially dating, now. I haven't told my mom yet, I don't think she'd understand."

















*MAN TALK, as everyone must know by now, is the part of TIGHT magazine where College Guys get to air the problems they're having with women. This is where men get the answers they need to the questions they're shy about asking. Each month, we assemble a panel of mature, responsible, sexually-active College Women and let the discussion go where it will.*



## Is it okay for a guy to want to stay a virgin?



Most of the problem letters we get are about sex and all the quirky, complicated problems that sex can cause. This month we're dealing with the absence of sex, courtesy of a chaste lad finishing up his undergraduate studies in Pittsburgh. His name's Andrew.

"I'm 22, I'm about to graduate from College, and I'm still a virgin. I know those three things don't usually go together. Everyone here at school thinks I'm a total freak for choosing not to participate in the kind of random group sex that happens at most of our parties. They laugh when I explain that for me, sex is something special and that I want to save myself for the person I want to share the rest of my life with. Some of the girls have even called me a homo, but that's not the case as far as I know.

"It's not like I grew up in some super-repressive religious household, either. Both my parents are ex-hippies, and I grew up hearing about the beauty of free love and stuff like that. Being a virgin until I'm ready to make a lifetime commitment is something I came up with on my own. Neither of my brothers 'kept their cherries' through High School, and I'm pretty sure my sister was sexually active before she got married.

"My sexual urges seem to be normal. Although I'm not a masturbaholic, I check out the occasional erotic movie, indulge in a little Internet porn, buy girlie mags every now and then (including TIGHT, of course). I've been out on a lot of dates with Miss Fist and her five beautiful sisters. I've gotten into some pretty heavy petting sessions with girls, but I've always made sure to pull back at the crucial moment. That's where most of my problems begin.

"Girls seem to get really upset, insulted and pissed when I tell them that I'm saving myself for marriage. They say stuff like 'I don't wanna get married now, loser! I wanna have some sex! I wanna cum! Be a man and fuck me!' or 'If you won't do it, I'll find a real man who will!' It's pretty horrible. I feel like I really am not behaving in a very masculine way and it's humiliating. Sometimes I feel like I'm making a really big mistake. The urge to succumb and actually insert my penis into one of my dates' pussies is sometimes almost irresistible.

"Most of the guys I've talked to tell me I'm a geek whose only real problem is being completely terrified of pussy. Here's what I'd like to know: do you girls think I'm wrong to hold onto my cherry? The only other people I know who are doing this kind of thing are women. And they're usually pretty uptight women, with mustaches. Should I take the plunge and get my end wet, or should I be firm in my resolve to save myself for that special someone?"

Andrew, we'd heard of this "modern male virgin" phenomenon before, but we'd just about written it off as myth. Do you actually mean to tell us you've been in a room on a bed with a young lady who was ready, willing and able to give you everything she's got and you said no? Our editorial policy regarding this sort of behavior should be obvious by now, but let's hear what this month's panel of mature, modern, and sex-positive females has to say. We'll be hearing it from Wendy O., 19, a PoliSci major at New York City's only Ivy League college; Alice Q., 21, a blonde, blue-eyed Gender Studies

scholar from "near Boston"; and LaKwaanda, also 21, who's almost completed her degree at a Technical Career College in Detroit. Since it's a frosty January in all the places where these three young ladies ordinarily hang their headbands, we thought it would be nice to send them down to sunny, dangerous Miami Beach. They nicely filled a three-room suite at one of the tonier Art Deco hotels right near the sand 'n' surf. They had their moonlit bull-session (hey, we wouldn't want to call it a "cow session, would we?) out on the terrace. If you could only hear the tape, dear reader, you could make out tree frogs chirping and

the echo of gunfire in the background as our young ladies talked MAN TALK.

**ALICE:** This letter just blows me away. Usually I admire people who work out priorities for themselves and then stick with them, but this is just weird. It's one thing to decide you're not going to smoke or drink or take drugs and stuff, but to actually cut yourself off from something as natural and wonderful as sex seems wrong. When women do it, it's because they're succumbing to outdated prejudices. Like if they give it up before they're married it's like they're sluts and easy. Maybe they



think they won't be able to land as good a husband unless they're virgins. I have absolutely no idea why a guy would want to do this. I thought fucking around indiscriminately was what being a guy is all about.

**LAKWAANDA:** We had a name for guys like this where I grew up: faggot!

**WENDY:** I don't know, I think it's kind of cute! This Andrew sounds like a romantic sort of person. He has ideals. It also sounds like he has a lot of respect for women. It's refreshing to hear that some guy out there thinks of sex as something special, something that's worth waiting to savor fully. I can't see Andrew bragging about his conquests in front of his buddies. He's not one of those ape-men.

**ALICE:** But don't you think he's being sort of passive-aggressive? He's taking girls out on dates and obviously he lets things get to the point where sex usually happens, then he pulls back. He leaves these girls hanging and horny. Maybe he gets some kind of sick reverse sexual thrill from the thought of his dates taking care of themselves afterwards.

**LAKWAANDA:** Or maybe he's one of those guys who gets a charge from thinking of his women running after other dudes. A masochist. If any man ever took me out on a date and we got romantic and then he says so long, I would probably be insulted, might even slap him around.

**ALICE:** Maybe we could hold him down while you took your pleasure with him. That'd be a new twist on date-rape.

**WENDY:** I thought it wasn't possible for a woman to rape a man. Do you think you can force a guy to get a boner?

**ALICE:** My talented tongue would soon take care of that! (Slurping noises, giggles)

**LAKWAANDA:** Reality check—none of us is still cherry, right? Me, I've been with five guys. The first time I saw a hard dick, I fell in love.

**WENDY:** Really, five? I've done two. And I was in love with them.

**ALICE:** My older brothers' college buddies used to come on to me. One of them took me out and we did it in his car. I'd really like to do it again.

**LAKWAANDA:** So we agree

this Andrew guy is totally freaky. Besides, I read somewhere that if you don't use it, it falls off.

**WENDY:** But he said that he uses his hand. He's releasing the pressure manually.

**LAKWAANDA:** No, no! You've got to stick the dick in a pussy by a certain age, otherwise it like withers up and turns all black and drops off.

**ALICE:** I can't believe that's true. Otherwise priests and people like that would have no dicks and everyone knows that they do.

**LAKWAANDA:** Still, that's what I heard. That's why I would seriously advise this guy Andrew to give up his bizarre ideas and get himself some sex.

**WENDY:** Have either of you ever done it with a guy who's a virgin? I hear it's the worst! I'd much rather be with a dude who knows what he's doing who can like to take charge.

I like guys to be pretty masterful when the petting gets heavy and the clothes come off. Like I want him to know where my clit is located. I suspect that a guy who's concerned about saving his precious little penis for "that special someone" wouldn't have that crucial knowledge.

**LAKWAANDA:** "Special someone"! That nearly made me hurl. Andrew sounds like a girl. Maybe we ought to refer to him as "Andrea" from now on.

**ALICE:** Some guys really do come off as girls when you're dating them. Once I was dating this guy, a jock, and I thought he was just about the prettiest boy I ever saw: nice curly hair; beautiful liquidy eyes and a killer bod. Then we were making out and he got all sensitive and said maybe we shouldn't do it on the first date, because he didn't want me to think he didn't respect me. At that precise instant, I no longer wanted to have sex with him, not that I would have on the first date, but a guy's supposed to want to, right? From that moment on he became like another girl to me, and I'm not interested in swinging both ways. Not that I'm a prude or anything...

**WENDY:** I know what you mean. I totally don't find girls attractive at this stage of the game. It would be embarrassing for me.

**LAKWAANDA:** I can't believe any self-respecting brother would ever react that way if it became clear to him that he might get some pussy as a result of our encounter.

**ALICE:** Yeah, all the black guys I've dated have seemed pretty eager

**LAKWAANDA:** You've had black?

**ALICE:** Oh yeah! Well, making out. I touched his cock. It was cool. It's no big deal, is it?

**LAKWAANDA:** Well, let me put it this way—I've never been with a white boy. I heard they treat a woman pretty nice.

**WENDY:** Aw, that's silly. Men are all pretty much the same. At least when it comes to sex.

**ALICE:** Probably all the other stuff too. I mean, isn't that all they think about? I mean, all of them except our little Andrea?

**WENDY:** Let's not be too hard on the guy. It might be that he had some kind of bad-sex experience at a young age. Maybe his ugly old Grammy told him he shouldn't ever stick his little wee-wee into a girl's nasty icky thing and it, like, traumatized him.

**ALICE:** You said "hard-on"! (laughter all around)

**LAKWAANDA:** Yeah, you're right. We're supposed to be helping the poor guy out. Straighten out his obviously fucked-up ideas. Andrew, let me put it to you this way: you need to start fucking. What if you got hit by a bus tomorrow? You'd feel pretty stupid that you'd never gotten your penis together with a pussy, 'cause that's what life is all about basically. Getting it on with what turns you on!

**WENDY:** Yeah, Andrew. And get it out of your head that you're being brave and superior by keeping your cock pure. I think it takes a lot more guts to actually get out there and start fucking your brains out.

**ALICE:** Yeah. I don't even mind if guys I'm dating watch smutty porno videos. You can actually learn stuff from them. Experience is important. Why do you think so many of us college-age women are into dating older guys? Because we like gray hair? Uh-uh.

**LAKWAANDA:** Speaking of which, and not to change the subject, maybe we could

indulge in a little cruising out there on Ocean Boulevard. I saw all these guys who looked like models when we were in the limo from the airport.

**WENDY:** I heard it's a pretty gay scene down here. We might strike out. Just thought I'd warn you.

**ALICE:** Maybe we'll run into our pal Andrew.

**LAKWAANDA:** Damn, girl! That's a cold shot. I thought we were going to lay off the guy.

**WENDY:** I like this MAN TALK scene. Aside from all the travel and accommodations, it's really fun to talk about sex stuff with other girls. I wouldn't mind if we just wind up in some quiet little club, and we exchange the stories of how we all got our cherries popped.

**ALICE:** Yeah, that stuff's so personal and private. I wouldn't feel comfortable talking about it on tape.

**WENDY:** Let's go.

And that, unfortunately, wraps up this session of MAN TALK. Naturally, we insisted that the three young ladies share their first-time secret stories with US, but hey, it's OUR magazine. Andrew, I hope you got the message loud and clear. The young ladies want you, and any other wrong-headed guys like you out there, to start fucking. It's your duty as citizens of this great country, as men, and as members of the freakin' human race. It's the right thing to do.

Guys, is there some problem you're experiencing with the women in your lives? Something you don't understand about us, the females of the species? Write to us here and bare your souls. We'll talk about it in MAN TALK.

TIGHT Magazine  
MAN TALK

462 Broadway, 4th Floor  
New York, NY 10013



## The First Time

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You don't have to tell me. I know you're a virgin. And I know it's gonna hurt. But it has to happen sometime, and it might as well be me. Now open your legs, that's it, as wide as they'll go. Good girl." When they weren't wide enough, he opened them more with his thighs until I was spread completely open for him. He

the change in me because he began to push his penis further in. That's when I got scared again. My tight pussy walls protested and I tried for a moment to close my legs.

Weakly, I said, "No, please don't," but he could tell I didn't really mean it, because he continued on. I felt my own juices on his perfect erection as it slid across and around my mons,

ed with a wet, pounding need to be fucked by this man. I cried out and arched up into his body, my wrists straining under his fingers. He let go then and I reached around and grabbed his ass, pulling him into me. I would have taken his whole body into me if I could have.

He covered my cries with his mouth, kissing me as he rode me like some wild stallion he was break-

whispered in my ear. Slowly I came back to the present. I suddenly became aware that we were lying half-naked on a pile of blankets in a cafeteria storage room. At any minute the morning shift would be arriving, if they weren't there already!

Dennis too seemed to become aware of reality at that moment. With obvious reluctance he said, "We had better get up. This would get us both killed if we got caught!" Standing over me, he pulled on his clothing. Then he reached down and gently pulled my shirt in place and helped me wriggle back into my pants. I was a

"I know you're a virgin. And I know it's a little scary. But it has to happen sometime, and it might as well be me."

scrutinized me thoughtfully, then bent down to lick my pussy a little. "Just," he said, "to make it a little easier for you." At first I didn't want him to stop, but then he wrapped my hand around his cock, and I felt that need wash over me again. That need to be filled up, fucked, impaled. Oh, I was so grateful that he understood!

Then, suddenly, he took my wrists and pinned them above my head with one strong hand. For a moment I felt helpless like that; but still I moaned and I grew even wetter and warmer between my legs. He was claiming me. His hard body was pinning me beneath him, his hard chest mashing my little boobs as he rubbed the head of his cock over my clitoris, in maddening circles. Oh my God, he was turning me into some kind of pleasure slave! My legs yielded. I opened myself to him. I belonged to him. I think he must have sensed

teasing me with the promise of its thrust. He held me apart with his thighs. He took some more juice from me and rubbed it all over his cock, making it shiny and slippery, and giving me a chance to get a good look. "I'm going to stick this in you, baby, so get ready. Are you ready?" I closed my eyes and nodded.

Slowly, slowly, he filled me with his cock. And it burned, it tore! I looked down and I could see blood around it and a little on my thighs. Every time he thrust I cried out a little in pain, but he was moaning in pleasure. He even seemed to like the whimpers I was making, they made him push harder. After a few minutes the pain started to subside, but he wasn't even all the way in yet. When he hit bottom it was almost too much; almost too full. But only almost. And then it changed from an invasion to a heaven of sensation. I was flood-

ing for his own. His body was as hot as a furnace; he seemed consumed in his passion. He threw his head back, his mouth opening in a silent cry as he jerked and spasmed inside of me. Something in that changing rhythm, as he thrust in his final release, caused something to well up inside of me. I felt a heat and an intensity so fierce that I screamed aloud. Just then his fingers found my clit. As they pressed and swirled he moved his still hard cock inside of me until I felt faint with need and lust. I came then, but it was so different from my own little orgasms stolen secretly alone at night in my bed. This went on and on, until I felt I would die from the perfect intensity of it.

At last I fell back, exhausted, near tears. Dennis sat up, sighed, and smiled. Then he gave me another big, sloppy kiss. "Marisa, you are so hot," he

little sore. "Wow, I thought, 'I'm not a virgin anymore.'" I felt different, somehow. I stood there for a minute, wondering what to do now.

"Don't worry, Marisa. This is our secret. But I have to tell you—I think I am in love with you. I'm not supposed to date people I work with, but I actually am going to be getting a new job soon. I've been saving to go to chef school and I got a really good apprentice opportunity at Vincent's Restaurant. So if you could hold out a few more weeks—" He leaned forward and tweaked my nipples. I laughed and said I had waited this long, a few more weeks wouldn't kill me.

At my next shift, I was again paired with Jenny. She let out a low whistle that only I could hear as Dennis moved by us at one point. When he was out of ear shot she said, "Too bad that hunk is out of our league, huh?" I just smiled. ♥





# Eve

## the campus pervert's early morning workout

**"Every morning I wake up horny. I guess it sounds indelicate to say that, but it's true. 6:00 a.m., my heart is pounding, I'm wet and swollen between my legs, and I'm having these really dirty fantasies. So I took up jogging, to try to get it out of my system. I'd been trying to wait, you know, for that special person."**





**“Well, so much for that!”**

Now, at that hour the campus is almost deserted, but I started noticing this one other jogger, and he was watching me! Oh, my mind went wild; he'd fuck me forcefully in the bushes, doggie-style, he'd make me sit on his face, I'd suck his hard cock until I drooled...Oh man.

“So one morning I was stretching after my run, and he came up to me! He said hi, and told me I was beautiful. Oh! I was totally overwhelmed. He said he was into erotic photography and did I want to be a model? Oh, I couldn't help myself. I said yes, please!

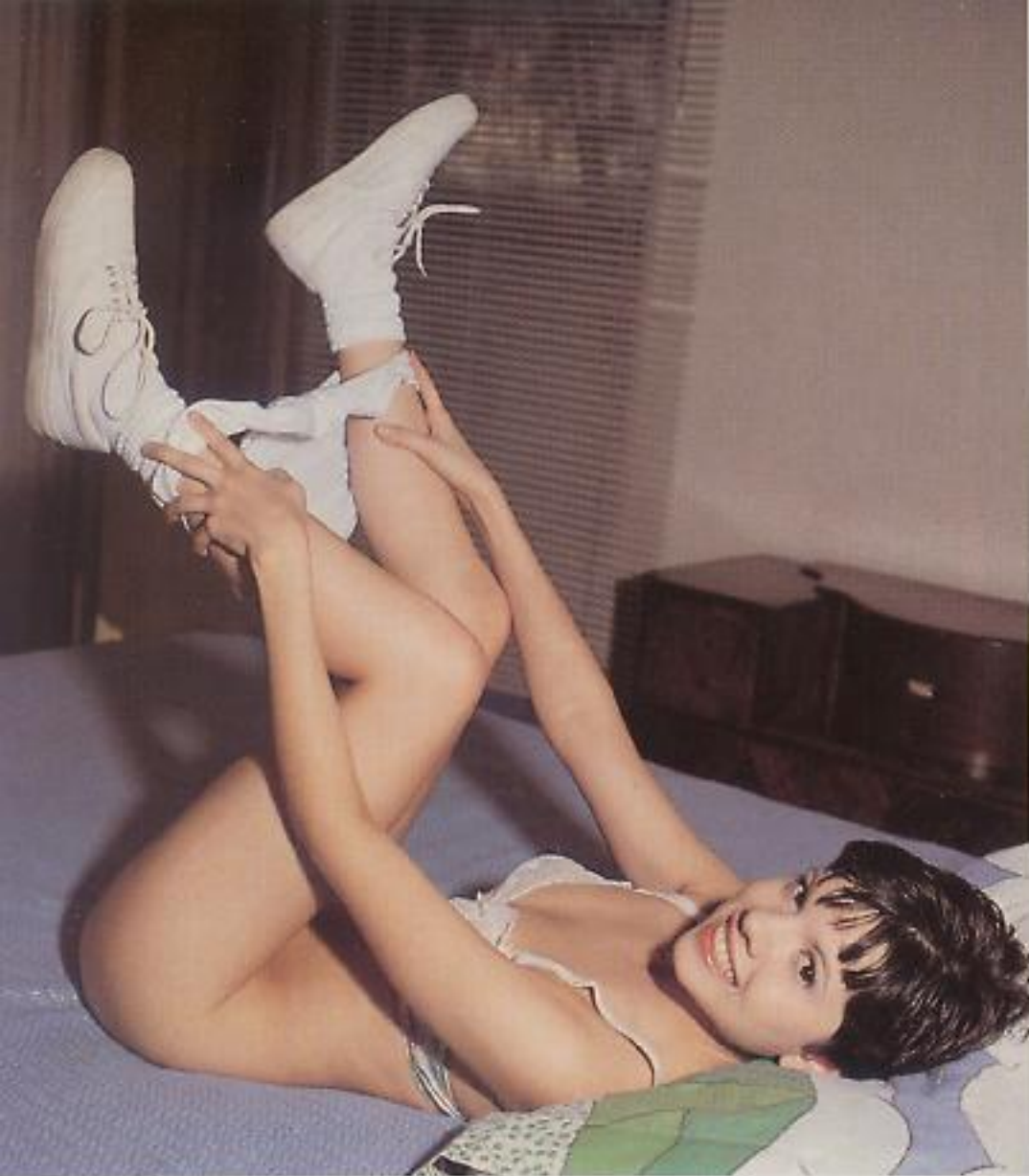
“He said we could start the shoot right now if I had some time before class. I laughed and said I was too sweaty, but he said he liked his girls sweaty. Then he just stuck his nose in my armpit and licked it! He said that was pheromones and he loved it. We took some shots right in the park, but then we went to a motel for privacy.

“As soon as we got inside I knew he was going to fuck me. I didn't even know what that felt like, but at the same time I couldn't believe how much I needed it. We took a bunch of pictures but the sexual tension was maddening. Finally when I had my legs spread open and he could see my pussy juice leaking out, he said to me, ‘You're really enjoying this, aren't you?’ I just nodded and swallowed. ‘Do you want me to fuck you?’ I frowned. ‘Yes, but I'm a—’ He interrupted. ‘I know you're a virgin, I can see your cherry right there. I can't wait to pop it.’ He took off his pants but left his shirt on. His cock was big and it poked up from under his shirt.









**“He didn’t waste any time, he spit on his cock and rubbed it around till it was shiny.**

Then he found the opening of my hole, grabbed my hips, and just shoved it all the way in. I screamed, maybe with pleasure, maybe with pain, maybe both? I opened my legs up as wide as I could while he fucked me, and then he pushed on my thighs to make them wider. I was finally getting what I wanted. I almost cried with relief. Then I realized I was going to cum. I’d never cum that way before, and it was different. Deeper, somehow. I felt it through my whole body and my hips rocked up and down. Then he said, ‘I’m going to fill your virgin pussy with my cum, take it, take it, you little bitch,’ and he did, he pumped his cum deep into me, and I was still so tight it leaked out the sides of his cock and stained the motel mattress.

“Whew! I’m still going to jog to keep in shape, but I’ve given up on it now as libido control. I guess I’ll just have to start fucking regularly. Oh well.”

















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